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APR 23 1942

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

F. R. Winstone

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS

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PERSONAL

ACHES and pains of rheumatic and other origin.—Why not seek relief with the latest treatment (frequently prescribed), pleasant to use? The price of RADIAN-B Aspirin Liniment, including tax and post, is 2s. 10d.—Please write to T.62, Radiol Company, 18, Upper Richmond Road, London, S.W.15.

ANTIQUE FURNITURE, TABLE GLASS AND CHINA, &c. The GENERAL TRADING CO. (Mayfair), LTD., holds large stocks at 5, Grantham Place, Park Lane, W.1. Gro. 3273. (Piccadilly end of Park Lane.)

BLUNT KNIVES.—Don't stand for Blunt Knives. Stainless in particular require a frequent attention. A few strokes on a CHANTRY Sharpener at regular intervals will keep your knives fighting fit. Price 15/- (postage 6d.). Order now from CHARLES CLEMENTS, specialist in fine cutlery (established 1890), 125, Regent Street, W.1., and 63, Burlington Arcade, W.1. Post orders to 3, Victoria House, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

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CLTHES!!! We have 20 years' experience of RENOVATING. Worn or Torn, Shiny or Faded, Suits, Coats, Trousers, Frocks, or Costumes. Post for frank opinion and free estimate to RENOVATORS, 7, Stockwell Road, S.W.9. Famous for Cleaning, Dyeing, Turning and Tailor Repairs of quality.

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DIAMONDS, JEWELS, GOLD, EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, ANTIQUE AND MODERN SILVER, PLATE, ETC., urgently required for Export. Highest cash prices. The largest buyers in the Country are BENTLEY AND CO., 65, New Bond Street (facing Brook Street), W.1. "Phone" MAYfair 0651.

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Sets of Mahogany Chairs, Tables, Sideboards, Chests, Desks, Bedroom furniture, Upholstery.

A choice collection of specimen Antiques.

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Expert Packing with 70 years' experience. AUCTION SALES EVERY WEDNESDAY. FURNITURE PURCHASED.

FURS. An exceptional opportunity to obtain a Persian Lamb coat for £35. Really attractive and perfect condition.—Box 967.

FURS. MINK COAT, beautifully modelled in latest style. Rare bargain, £145. Write for particulars to Box 970.

GERMANY—Prisoners of war in Murray Wilson 4 mm. scale Lorry Constructional Kits can be built with the aid of a penknife and offer ideal relaxation for idle hands. Six page illustrated Catalogue, post free 6d. Kits obtainable from Bassett-Lowke, LTD., Northampton, or from the Makers—D. MURRAY WILSON (Dept. L.), Model Engineer, South Moreton Dido, Berkshire.

GOLD, DIAMONDS, JEWELLERY, SILVER. Wanted in any condition—old or new. Harrods pay best prices. IMMEDIATE CASH or offer. Call or send Registered Post.—HARRODS, London, S.W.1. SLOANE 1234.

GOOD BOOKS TO SELL? We are anxious to buy for export sale valuable books of every description and in any quantity. Please send particulars of any you have to sell to W. HEFFER & SONS, LTD., Booksellers, Cambridge.

LIFE AFTER DEAT I s proved. EXCELLENT CIRCULATING LIBRARY AT LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE. Send 3d. for specimen copy *Light*, 16, Queen'sberry Place, London, S.W.7.

PERSONAL

MINIATURES TREASURED MEMORIES.—Exquisitely painted on ivory, from any photograph, from 2 guineas. Old miniatures perfectly restored.—VALERIE SERRES, 24, Durham Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20. (Tel. Wimbledon 5459.) Established 1760.

MISS OLLIVIER, trained COLONIC IRRIGATION, Obstetrics, Colds, Neuralgia. Flat 16, 60, Duke St. Mansions, W.1. May 1085.

MONOMARK. Permanent confidential London address. Letters redirected. 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Capital £250,000. Write—BM/MON017, W.C.1.

NOSES, humped or otherwise, re-modelled to suit face, without detection. Outstanding ears permanently set back. Red veins treated. Consult well known Plastic Surgery Specialist, over 25 years' experience. "B." c/o SPIERS SERVICE, 69, Fleet St., E.C.4.

PORTRAITS.—Have your Portrait painted in Oils by Competent Artist. Head and shoulders (life-size), well framed, 6 guineas. Also Portraits from Photograph.—FRANCIS DICKINSON, 487, Chelsea Cloisters, Sloane Avenue, S.W.3. (Tel. Ken 7806.)

REMODELLING. SAVE MONEY. EVA RITCHIE makes OLD HATS NEW, at 4, Berkeley Street, W.1. Tel. MAY 1651.

TALKIE PROJECTORS, Bell Howell, Amprosound, GeboScope, etc., and 16 mm. Sound Films, WANTED URGENTLY; also Leica and Contax Cameras and Accessories. Highest cash prices paid for these and for all modern photographic and Cine equipment. Modern microscopes and accessories also required.—DOLLOND'S, 28, Old Bond St., London, W.1.; and at 428, Strand, W.C.2; 35, Brompton Rd., S.W.3; 281, Oxford St., W.1.

THE professional services of Tom Wibberley, author of the *New Farming* (Pearson's 8/6), advocate of the WIBBERLEY SELF-SUPPORTING SYSTEM of CONTINUOUS CROPPING, and pioneer of the WIBBERLEY ACRE, are now available in a consulting and advisory capacity to farmers and smallholders. Personal visits arranged where necessary. Members of the WIBBERLEY ACRE ASSOCIATION with holdings up to 5 acres will be advised free of charge on remitting the cost of postage. Write—4, College Parade, Cheshunt, Herts.

THOMAS & SONS knickerbocker-breeches can be made satisfactorily from self measurements. Forms and patterns of cloth will be sent on application. A few sporting garments made as models are for sale at reduced prices.—5, Carlos Place, Grosvenor Square, W.1.

AVOID furs tortured to death in traps. Write for Fur Crusade leaflet from Major Van der Byl, Wappingham, Tewkesbury.

BE TALLER. Quickly! Safely! Privately! Details, 6d. stamp—MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, BM/HYTHE, London, W.C.1

WANTED

ADDERS, CALCULATORS, TYPE-WRITERS and SAFES, etc., wanted FOR CASH. Highest prices. TAYLOR'S, 74, Chancery Lane, London, Holborn 3793.

CLOTHING. Highest prices returned for discarded Lounge Suits, Overcoats, Furs, Wearing Apparel of all kinds. Private owners may send with safety to Dept. C.L., JOHNSON, DYMOND & SON, LTD. (Est. 1793), 24-25, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.

CLOTHING.—MISSES MANN AND SHACKLETON pay high prices for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's discarded or misfit clothing: Furs, Linen, Silver, Old Gold, Jewellery, etc. Offer on cash by return for consignment sent. Established 1860.—FERN HOUSE, Norbiton, Surrey.

FIREARMS (old), rapiers, cannon, coach horns, models, native curios, sets chessmen, flower paper-weights, old gold and silver and antique Jewellery bought.—PEARL CROSS, 35, St. Martin's Court, London, W.C.2.

FURNITURE. AVANT GALLERIES pay top prices for modern second-hand FURNITURE, REFRIGERATORS, etc.—169, Tottenham Court Road, W.1. EUS. 4667.

FURNITURE wanted, large or small quantities, unlimited cash.—STONE, 41 Harcourt Road, London, N.22. (Phone: North 3920.)

MAORI, South Sea Islands, Red Indian Eskimo and African Weapons, Ornaments, Carvings, Idols, Masks, Curios, purchased for my Private Museum.—T. HOOVER, "The Totems," New Road, Croxley Green, Herts.

TYPEWRITERS. Highest price paid for Remington, Underwood, Royal or other first-class makes. Will collect and pay cash for any quantity.—LONGS TYPEWRITER CO., (Established 35 years), 72, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4. (Phone: City 1621. 1459.)

MOTOR CARS

BROKLANDS OF BOND STREET.—Where to buy and where to sell cars of good makes and low mileage.—103, New Bond Street, W.1. Mayfair 8351.

JACK BARCLAY, LTD., wish to purchase ROLLS ROYCE and BENTLEY CARS. Also other good makes of low mileage.—12 & 13, St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Mayfair 7444.

PERSONAL

GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK
FOOD SITUATION

WE have been warned that we may have to tighten our belts in the very near future. Most sensible people have recognised the fact that in a war for existence we could not afford to continue to receive the very ample food supplies which, thanks to our men at sea, have been forthcoming up to the present. In such an all-embracing war, we have indeed been fortunate to be the best-fed nation in Europe.

With the quickening of the tempo on all fronts it behoves every true Briton to take heed of the warning on the wall and to make himself and his family as self-supporting as possible from his allotment and his garden.

Make your plans now. Buy your seed and get it planted so that you can ensure a self-sufficiency of fine health-giving vegetables for next winter.

CUTHBERT'S FAMOUS SEEDS are on sale at every Woolworth Store.

GROW YOUR OWN FRUIT

Fresh fruit is in short supply and every gardener should therefore make good the shortage by growing more of this health-giving food.

CHAMPION EATING APPLE. By popular choice the most favoured apple for dessert is the COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN and it is not therefore surprising to now find a shortage of Apple Trees in this variety.

My stock has been specially conserved and while the remaining quantity is not large, I can still supply fine specimen Bush Trees.

Here is a Collection of 4 COX'S ORANGE Bush Apple Trees, splendid 3-year-old stock, covered with flower spurs for early fruiting, together with one Bush Apple Tree, JAMES GRIEVE, for pollinating, 5 Bush Trees in all, for 22/- carriage paid; 5 Collections (25 trees) for £5, carriage paid. When ordering, please mention "Bush Collection."

MISCELLANEOUS FRUIT TREES

Practically all of the leading varieties are still available. If you are in doubt as to the best tree for your purpose, write to my Free Advisory Bureau for advice and suggestions.

Here are some specially selected offers of fine quality fruit trees :

PLUMS. Four-year Half-standard Trees: PURPLE PERSHORE, prolific cropper; VICTORIA, the ever-popular; BURBANK'S GIANT, similar to Victoria but later maturing; 5 6 ft. each, 3 for 15 6/-, carriage 1/-, over 20/- carriage paid. CZAR, for cooking or bottling, 6 6 ft. each.

Now for a selection of very fine full Standard Fruiting Trees. These are fully matured, 4-5 years old, well furnished, with 5-6 ft. stems, ready for immediate fruiting. These are really the best stock available.

APPLES. BRAMLEY'S SEEDLING (cooking), COX'S ORANGE PIPPIN, NEWTON WONDER (cooking).

PLUCKS, CZAR, very free cropper, KIRKES BLUE and POND'S SEEDLING, PEARLS. PITMASTER DUCHESS, huge golden yellow, COMICE (dessert).

Any of the above varieties 8/- each, post 1 -

NO POINTS FOR THESE

Canned fruits are now rationed so that fresh RASPBERRIES, BLACK CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, etc., will be in even greater demand this summer, not only for dessert, but for jam-making.

This variety of fruit is of great vitamin value and because prolific crops can be grown without trouble they should have a place in every kitchen garden.

To encourage you to grow this fruit I am making a special offer of first quality RASPBERRY CANES in the popular varieties LLOYD GEORGE and NORFOLK GIANT, 50 for 12 6/-, 100 for 20/-.

Other Soft Fruits available :

RED CURRANTS, LAXTON'S NO. 1, 1/6 each, 15/- dozen, 95/- 100.

CULTIVATED BLACKBERRIES.

HIMALAYAN GIANT, 3/- each.

DON'T FORGET THE FLOWERS

Specially chosen for the magnificence of their blooms and prolific flowering, there is a collection of 12 splendid Bush Rose Trees comprising one each of the following varieties : FOUILLE DE HOLLANDE, finest red; THE GENERAL, flowing crimson; SOUTHPORT, brilliant scarlet; GOLDEN DAWN, beautiful yellow; MADAME BUTTERFLY, bright apricot-pink; SHOT SILK, cherry crimson; PICTURE, soft pink; PHYLLIS, orange flame; DAILY MAIL, coral red; DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, clear orange; OLD GOLD, coppery gold. I will send a strong bush of each of these 12 Roses carriage and packing free for the ridiculous price of 15/- and with every Collection will include absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, one Bush of the gorgeous rose CUTHBERT'S PINK PERFECTION, value 3/-; 2 Collections and 2 Free Gifts, 28/-; 3 Collections and 3 Free Gifts, £2, carriage paid. The catalogue value of these 13 Rose Trees is over 20/-.

MR. CUTHBERT'S SPRING NUMBER

Take my advice and send a post-card for your free copy of CUTHBERT'S GARDENING TIMES. The new issue is beautifully illustrated and includes a host of information invaluable to every gardener.

MR. CUTHBERT, R. & G. CUTHBERT, 47, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS.

The Nation's Nurseryman since 1797.

GARDENING

BOWLING GREENS. We can still supply SEA WASHED TURF FOR REPAIRS SEA SAND AND FERTILISERS for top-dressing.

Send your enquiries to MAXWELL M. HART, LTD., 39, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.1. Phone: ARBEY 1774-5.

DEMONSTRATIONS OF SPRING SPRAYING of Fruit Trees, available for members of the R.H.S., will be held at Wisley on April 1-2, between 2-4 p.m.

EN-TOUT-CAS. THE LARGEST MAKERS OF HARD TENNIS COURTS IN Gt. BRITAIN. EXPERTS AND MATERIAL ready the moment the V day arrives. THE EN-TOUT-CAS LTD., LEICESTER.

GARDENS DESIGNED AND STRUCTURED. Sherwood Cup, Chelsea Show, 1927.—GEORGE G. WHITELEGGE, The Nurseries, Chislehurst, Kent.

GARLIC—BUY NOW—VERY SCARCE

PLANT now and lift crop in June; 1 lbs should be broken into separate "cloves" or divisions for planting, each piece being planted separately 2 in. deep and 6 in. apart. This is THE LAST SHIPMENT and orders will be executed in rotation whilst stocks last. Order at once. 8/6 per lb., post paid. G. TELKAMP & SONS, LTD., 148, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3. Telephone: Maidstone 8911.

TELKAMP'S GRANPEAT, finest quality granulated peat, adds humus to all soils, also excellent for poultry litter and bedding for beasts. Compressed in bales of approx. 20 bushels, 27/6 per bale. Carriage paid.—G. TELKAMP & SONS, LTD., 147, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS of quality.—W. J. UNWIN, LTD., Seeds, men, Histor. Camb.

FOR SALE

BLANKETS, CELLULAR: Cream, Blue, Green, Rose, Peach, 80 by 100 in., 42s.; 72 by 90 in., 36s.; 63 by 84 in., 30s. each; post free.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Roxburghshire.

CARAVANS. COVENTRY STEEL caravan, "SILENT KNIGHT," 15 ft. long, metal body, special insulation, lined ivory leather cloth. Gas cooking, lighting, two outside doors. Indoor sanitation. Two double beds, 2 rooms, sliding coach windows. 75 CARAVANS AT FLOC CARAVAN CENTRE, 200/220, Cricklewood Broadway, London, N.W.2. (GLADSTONE 2234.)

LADIES' TWEEDS soft, lasting, 14/- yd. 56in. wide. Write for patterns.—DENHOLM TWEEDS & BLANKETS, Hawick, Rox.

MOTOR MOWERS for Sale. Qualcast from £14, Atco from £22/10/0, Shank's, Green's, Ransome, Rotocut, etc., prices on application. Can be seen in our Stores in London, N.W.1, by arrangement.—FLETCHER 170, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

SHIRTS, Pyjamas to measure. Our "Dublew" (reversible) Shirt wears longer. Send for patterns, measurement chart. SEYMOUR (Dept. C), 48, Horton Rd., Bradford.

STAMPS! EARLY BRITISH COINALS.—Selections superb copies sent on approval to serious collectors. Terms one-third of catalogue price. Also some Mint and superb used moderns.—"K," 6, Westhill Road, London, S.W.18.

TWEEDS. Have your favourite suit copied in a Redmayne Countryside tweed. Men's suits from £6 12s. 6d. (26 coupons). Ladies' suits from £4 15s. (18 coupons). Satisfaction or money refunded. Patterns post free. REDMAYNES, 8, Wigton, Cumb.

BIRD SEED.—Excellent mixture for all small cage birds; 3 lbs., 5/-; 7 lbs., 10/6; 14 lbs., 20/- Packed free carriage paid.—G. TELKAMP & SONS, LTD., 144, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.

OV-OK, the No. 1 POULTRY FOOD (*unrationed*). The great war-time egg producer. 90 per cent. albuminoids. Pure food. Mixed with mash or scraps will nearly double your egg supply. "IT IS IDEAL as a protein supplement for poultry and pigs." Full directions. 7 lbs. 7/6, 14 lbs. 14/-, 28 lbs. 24/-, 56 lbs. 40/-, 1 cwt. 67/6. All carriage paid.—OV-OK BY-PRODUCTS (Dp. C.L.), Sevenoaks.

PULLETS, grand lot, 2/5 months, Satisfactory assurance.—FERNLANDS POULTRY FARM, Hanworth Lane, Chertsey, 3252.

TEARS WITHOUT EGGS. Guaranteed healthy pullets or chickens sent on 100 hours' approval, below controlled prices. 12 months' free advice service to all customers. Advance booking system. Vets, ring, or call for further particulars: REDLANDS POULTRY FARM, South Holmwood, Surrey. (Tel.: Dorking 73314.) This week's special offer: 1941 broiler pullets, 27/6 each. Sent on 100 hours' approval.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BUTLER, wife as housemaid or (Aga cooker). Good references. Child, 6 years. Quarters or cottage, near School. Good wages required. Box 66.

CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENT

Continued on Inside Back Cover.

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COUNTRY LIFE

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MARCH 20, 1942



Harup

MISS ANNE PAGET

Miss Paget is the only daughter of the late Captain J. Otho Paget and of Mrs. Paget, of Burrough, near Melton Mowbray. Her marriage to Sir John Godfrey Worsley-Taylor, Bt., Scots Guards, only son of the late Lt.-Col. Sir James Worsley-Taylor and of Lady Worsley-Taylor of Town Head, near Clitheroe, Lancashire, is to take place on April 11

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:
2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
W.C.2.

Telegrams: Country Life, London.
Telephone: Temple Bar 7351.

ADVERTISEMENTS AND
PUBLISHING OFFICES:
TOWER HOUSE,
SOUTHAMPTON STREET,
W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 4363.



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*Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2d. Canada 1½d.
Elsewhere abroad 2d.*

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

A MINISTRY OF BUILDING

A BLUE-PRINT for what almost amounts to a complete Ministry of Building has been issued by the Ministry of Works—just after "Planning" has been substituted for "Building" in its Protean title. It is the Directorate of Post-War Building, with Sir James West, Chief Architect, as Director, and consisting at present of 15 research committees covering each technical aspect of design, structure, and installations. These report to their respective "policy" committees, responsible to Sir James West's executive committee, above whom is a lofty "central committee." It cannot be denied that, thus baldly stated, this sounds formidable. The case for the scheme (which is already in operation) is that the Ministry of Works will be responsible for the rapid expansion of the building industry, when the present period of unparalleled contraction is over; that there is general agreement on the need for greater control of architecture after the war; that there are innumerable new technical ideas "in the air," with many of which the entire industry should be familiarised; and that now, when the great building machine is as near stationary as it ever has been, is the time to give it a general overhaul. There is a close comparison, allowing for the infinitely greater complexities of modern technics, with the Committee of Architects for the rebuilding of London after the Fire. That committee evolved and procured the adoption of the standard London house, which revolutionised architecture and became the norm for 150 years. The actual architects in key positions in the organisations are an encouragement to the belief that the general standard of design may also benefit.

BUY AND LEND

FOR some time past the demand for COUNTRY LIFE has greatly exceeded the supply. In peace-time we should have recorded such a thing with pleasure and pride: under the topsy-turvy conditions of war, we confess that the problem of satisfying every would-be reader grows more embarrassing every day. Since paper rationing began we have devoted constant thought to making our meagre allowance go as far as possible. Apart from the overriding necessity, in the national interest, to reduce the number of pages, we have introduced smaller pages, narrower margins, and certain typographical changes which have enabled us to give our readers, page for page, very nearly what they had before. Many of them have

been good enough to tell us that we have done this without injury to the essential character of the paper. Now, faced by another shrinkage in our ration, we are compelled to review the position again. Two courses are open to us: either we can maintain COUNTRY LIFE in its present form and sell it to fewer people, or we can produce a still smaller paper and sell it to all those who buy it now. It is a hard choice, but for us there can be only one answer. We believe that to cut still more deeply into the COUNTRY LIFE our readers used to know will be to rob it of features that are vital to its quality. Some of them may have to go later on—who can tell?—but they will be maintained for the time being, and as long as possible, in spite of the sacrifice of revenue involved. In return we ask our readers to co-operate with us in two ways. The new restriction will take effect next week. To those who cannot thereafter buy COUNTRY LIFE as easily as before—and some difficulty is inevitable—we beg forbearance, especially to their newsagents. Those who are able to buy it will, we hope, share it with others. Already, copy for copy, we believe it is read by more people than any similar publication. It will help us considerably if our friends will develop this buy-and-lend spirit among themselves.

PEACE

O PEACE of yesterday, where are you now?
Down in the far West Country where the plough
Turns the red earth, where wood and gentle air
Know but the wings of birds—can you be there?

*Soft-spoken country folk plod on their way
Leading the wagons with the breath of hay,
Tufty of foot the cart-horse draws his load,
Brushing the hedges of each narrow road.*

*Down to the school the laughing children pass,
Picking the wide-eyed daisies in the grass,
Under their feet the buttercups are gold,
Gently and fearlessly their hours are told.*

*But where a little brown-thatched cottage stands
A mother sits, with empty folded hands—
O Peace of yesterday, where are you now?
Gone with the lad who walked behind the plough.*

BEATRICE GIBBS.

WAR WORK IN GLASSHOUSES

UNDER the guidance of his War Executive Committee the farmer has switched over from his normal peace-time practice to meet the demands of war. The same principle is now being applied, as the Duke of Norfolk announced last week, to the horticulturist. Among the health-giving and disease-averting foods that this country is so well adapted to produce, the crops of the market garden take first place. Now that we are deprived of foreign fruits, the value of salads, herbs and soft fruits becomes greater than ever, and the industry which can grow them under glass gains in importance. The luxury side of it, which with a considerable expenditure of fuel and labour provided those who could afford them with ripe produce out of season, must now modify its practice. It is wanted to grow more popular crops all the year round, and especially for the time when outdoor fruits and vegetables are scarce. We need an increase in the production of practically all vegetables between December and May. The horticulturist now holds his garden and glasshouses in trust for the nation. Cut flowers and early luxuries, as the Duke of Norfolk announced at Trowbridge, must make way for the humbler and more health-giving tomato.

A NEW VOICE

MR. J. L. GARVIN'S retirement from the *Observer* ends the last great personal editorship of a newspaper and leaves a space, not only on Sundays but in journalism; a space which no successor is likely to fill—even should it be rashly essayed—with such trenchant personality. But, if the first, diminished, article of his successor was any guide, the *Observer's* new voice has wisdom if not yet a name. The article, "Food for the People," of March 8, revealed an enlightened view of the vital

importance of the land to this country, which it is good to find expressed so forcibly in a national newspaper. The narrowly averted Ministerial crisis of last month over the new prices for farm produce—for food—threw into sharp relief the factors involved in our very survival in the immediate future and probably for an indefinite period after the war: control of production and consumption; a stout but independent husbandry; an urban population profoundly ignorant of the broadest principles of agriculture. Of these principles, the fundamental one is that—in agriculture—management, foresight, administration and policy cannot be separated. The farmer must always plan ahead; neglected land does not simply stand idle, it breeds mischief. Crucial months, may be years, ahead, widespread ignorance of this cardinal fact is a structural weakness in democracy. There was a glimpse of this flaw in the prices crisis—or near crisis. Can we afford this ignorance? "Need it remain so?" asked the new voice. "In the army to-day we have a perfect cross-section of the young manhood of the country. The War Office has undertaken to instruct them in current affairs. Is there any reason why the two Departments (of Agriculture and Food) should not see that these men—and women—are taught at least the elements of that great industry which is being carried on at the very gates of their camps, before their often quite uncomprehending eyes? On their understanding of what the land can do, for them, do for their children, the future of the land will turn." And not of this country only: the right use of food-producing lands throughout the world.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

WHEN any one of us—even the least dressy of mortals—meets another man wearing a suit of exactly the same material as his own, he is apt to feel mildly resentful, as if his own private design had been pirated. He searches eagerly for some "thin red line" or haply a blue one in the pattern which shall differentiate the one from the other. This is a sentiment which will have to be sternly repressed for the future, for with the coming of utility clothing we shall constantly be meeting our twin and must needs pass it off with clumsy laugh, saying, "Why we're as like as two peas." No doubt we shall get used to it, even as we shall to doing without the turn-up of our trousers. This has long been a mere fashion, and those who are old enough can remember when it did not exist. Even to-day it has not overtaken some sorts of trousers, such as those that we used to wear with the now atrophied morning coat, garments described in our tailor's bill as "One pr. superfine Angola pants." Its practical utility has long vanished, for our trousers are just as near the mud as they used to be, and there is much less mud. Moreover, the turn-up is a great collector of foreign bodies, and the chance that somebody else will by mistake drop half-a-crown into it is negligible. In short, we have not much to complain of, and shall soon be accustomed to an age of reach-me-downs.

GAME DISEASE

FROM different parts of the country disease among partridges has been reported, and some correspondents attribute it partly to increased dressings of the soil with chemical manures. Of course the ideal thing is a sprinkling of grain if obtainable. Quite as urgently partridges require a plentiful supply of grit and good grit at that—oyster-shell or quartz. This costs money, but it is more expensive in the long run to lose half one's breeding stock. It is impossible, of course, to segregate the birds; they must take their chances in the open fields, but very often by friendly arrangement one can limit the risk of infection from poultry. But the best insurance against disease is ability to resist it: a sufficiency of food is the basic problem. Briefly, wheat, rye, rye grass and clover have the highest food value for birds facing the exigencies of the breeding season, and the use of olive oil and cod-liver oil in spring feeding mashes is highly beneficial. An adult partridge eats so little at a time that the extra cost is infinitesimal.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

ON the occasion of a ceremonial parade the other day a Home Guard battalion was put to the severest test to which ordinary infantry can be subjected. They marched through the streets of their town to a band of the Royal Navy, and the next band in the column happened to be that of a Light Infantry regiment. As everyone knows, the marching pace of the Royal Navy is longer and slower than that of the Army, while the Light Infantry have a very quick short step of their own, based on the traditions of the Peninsular Campaign, when their division performed miraculous marching feats and were here, there and everywhere. "Here, there and everywhere" aptly described the contortions of that portion of the Home Guardsmen who fell between two bands as the saying is, and who were endeavouring to march with the right leg keeping time to the Senior Service and the left doing a Light Infantry fox-trot. At the end of it one man stated he was completely cured of the sciatica that had been worrying him for a month, but another complained he had wrenches his knee cap, so what was gained on the swings was lost on the roundabouts.

THE various Rifle and Light Infantry regiments of the British Army have no warmer admirer than myself, but I do feel they should be segregated and not brigaded with ordinary "turnip-tramping" infantry. Nowadays, when infantry are either mechanised, or walk in single file under hedgerows, it does not matter so much probably, but one of my most poignant and painful memories is three weeks' manoeuvres in Ireland with a brigade in which there was both a Rifle and a Light Infantry regiment. We travelled over 150 miles and, as I was in "D" Company, I marched every pace of that long distance, keeping step with my own band when the wind was in the right direction and quickening up to a sparrow's hop whenever it changed. By the end of the manoeuvres I became so anatomically muddled up I was not certain which was my right leg and which my left.

THE precautions which have to be taken against bombing, machine-gunning and observing aircraft in modern warfare have shorn from the infantry all the attractions of the route march, which in other times provided a measure of light relief and cheerfulness in the day's operations. When training in Great Britain during the last war, however hard and real the day's manoeuvre may have been, the regiment fell in by companies when operations ceased, and to the strains of the band, the battalion's selected mouth-organists, or with all ranks roaring a music-hall song, marched back to camp or billets. It was a feature of the day which all ranks enjoyed, for one has to be a very old and disillusioned "foot-slogger" not to obtain some pleasure and pride, including *esprit de corps*, when passing through the streets of a village with the precise crunch of marching feet and the roll and thud of drums. It caused the individual man to feel a soldier indeed, and, what was more important, gave the civil population a feeling of confidence.

It seemed always that this short, and sometimes long, march home was looked forward to by the men, and caused them to forget the cold and discomfort of crawling over boggy fields and wet heather. They scattered afterwards to their huts and billets on the "dismiss"



F. A. Girling

SPRING AT FLATFORD: THE COTTAGE AND THE BRIDGE OVER THE STOUR

with schoolboy abandon and shouts and ribald remarks, but nowadays when columns have to steal along in single file under hedgerows or travel in buses, all this is lacking.

WITH the exception of the Welsh, we are not a nation of songsters, but the men from the most unmelodious county would sing like spring thrushes on the march whenever the band took a rest, and with the unerring eye of the military humorist would select a ditty to meet the occasion. If by chance an unfortunate bluejacket with an attendant girl were met on the road the strains of "Tipperary" would stop suddenly as if the big drum had sounded its warning double beat, and immediately the long column as one man would burst into "All the nice girls love a sailor: all the nice girls love a tar," and the self-conscious couple, crimson with confusion, would have to run the gauntlet of four companies of roaring grinning soldiers. For men of other Services on leave with their attendant girls there was another popular song which ran: "Hello! hello! Who's your lady friend, who's the little girlie by your side? It isn't the girl I saw you with on Friday. Oh! oh! Who's your lady friend?" Which no doubt caused a jealous young woman to wonder if there might not be some truth in the allegation.

The only time when singing on the march became unpopular was somewhere about 1912, when Higher Command decided it was a good thing for morale, wrote circular letters ordering it to be encouraged, and published marching songs for the troops to learn under the instruction of company commanders regardless of whether they had any ability to conduct singing classes. Once the troops had grasped the fact that they were to be made to sing, even the most vocally-minded units took the Trappist's vow of silence; and regiments swung along mute and mutinous until the powers that be realised that though you may take a horse to water, you cannot make him drink.

SEVERAL readers have written to explain how vultures know of the presence of a dead or dying animal on the ground below, and assemble almost immediately in great numbers. The birds have the whole sky over the veld parcelled out into beats and each vulture is within sight of his opposite numbers to the right and left, so that they constitute a most efficient chain of observation posts—something like a line of barrage balloons. If vulture B sees something worth investigating below, he goes down to enquire, and A and C make a note of it. When B fails to return to his position it is proof

that he has found something worth while, and so A and C circle down, to be followed eventually by all the other vultures until there are 40 to 50 at work on the carcass. This theory, I understand, was first advanced by Rider Haggard, and is now accepted generally. In the Egyptian deserts, however, the vulture is not so numerous owing to the lack of big game, and in the instance I quoted some weeks back I saw a very large number of birds 35 miles from the body and flying low in the direction of it. It would seem that they had recently been assembled on a dead animal west of the Suez Canal, when the news came through by the mysterious sixth sense that there was another defunct camel miles away to the east.

THREE is nothing democratic about these desert luncheon parties, but on the other hand class distinctions to a marked degree are made and seniority counts. The first to go in are the Golden and other eagles, with occasionally a Peregrine or Sakhr hawk allowed at the table as a concession—in much the same way as the 60th Rifles admit some Light Infantry regiments as almost on the same plane as themselves. The vultures have to wait in a ring outside until their betters have finished, while the "lower ten," the ravens, start only when the vultures are satisfied, which coincides usually with dusk when the hyenas arrive—and after that there is no attempt to run the restaurant on decent and orderly lines.

A WELL-KNOWN ornithologist asks the question how a pheasant, rook or lapwing knows where to peck when engaged on wireworm mopping-up operations, and, if he does not know, I am afraid to advance an opinion. It is accepted generally, I believe, that the thrush detects worms on the lawn by hearing them move and his attitude with the strained look on his face and his head slightly on one side, listening intently for the stealthy progress of the subterranean lob-worm, reminds me painfully of myself—being deaf—when I am trying to pick up the gist of some speaker's remarks.

The wireworm is such a tiny insect and travels so slowly that one cannot credit that his sliding movement through the soil makes the slightest sound, but if one watches a pheasant through glasses, one realises that he misses seldom. The rook, on the other hand, is a bit of a fraud as he pulls up a lot of sprouting wheat and barley in the hopes of getting a wireworm in the roots, and if he fails to find one he eats the corn to console himself. He is quite certain he has more friends than enemies and hopes to get away with it.

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—II

THE HORN-BLOWER OF RIPON

By G. BERNARD WOOD

ALTHOUGH the war has brought many changes in English life, there are some places which still give the impression that they are unchanged and unchanging. Ripon is such a place, despite the fact that some of its old customs have had to be abandoned for the duration of the war. One of them which has for centuries defied the process of change is that associated with King Alfred's Horn. It has been temporarily suspended, but it is to be resumed after the war.

A few minutes before nine o'clock, every night of the year, a figure dressed in three-quarter tunic and three-cornered hat, and carrying a large horn under one arm, steps into the Market Square. He listens for the curfew bell from the cathedral, and as its deep tones die away he raises the horn to his lips and blows a long, loud blast upon it—a blast which can be heard three miles away. The performance is repeated at each corner of the Market Cross, and outside the Town Hall just opposite; then he disappears among the maze of narrow streets around the Square.

This "setting of the watch," as Ripon folk call it, is the surviving feature of a custom which seems to have originated in Saxon days. In the year 886 King Alfred granted a charter to the town. One token of his gift was the Charter Horn, which Ripon's Wakemen used each day at nightfall for centuries afterwards as a signal that the night-watchmen had taken up their posts and that all lights and fires should be extinguished forthwith.

The Wakeman, or Vigilarius, was appointed annually: his duties are explained in Ripon's "old towne book" as follows:

It is agreed that the Wakeman . . . according to ancient custom, shall cause a horne to be



RIPON CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

blown by nighte during the tyme he is in office, at nyne of the clocke at the foure corners of the crosse in the Marketshead and immediately after to begin his watche, and to keep and continue the same till three or foure of the clocke in the morninge. And if yt happen any house be broken on the gatesyde and any goods withdrawn out of ye said house ye Wakeman shall make good unto the partie so wronged, in suche manner and to suche value as shall be determined by a majority of his Brethren.

For this measure of protection householders had to pay the Wakeman and his assistants an annual tax of twopence or fourpence, according to the size of the house. This sounds like the earliest stage of property insurance! A pious reminder that Ripon folk needed an even higher guardianship than that provided by the Wakeman is, however, displayed as a motto on the facade of the Town Hall: "Except ye Lord keep ye Cittie ye Wakeman waketh in Vain."

The last Wakeman died in 1637, but the custom continued, and in 1690 King Alfred's horn was supplanted by one for which, it is recorded, the Ripon Corporation paid the princely sum of six shillings and eightpence. The present instrument—a magnificent Scotch bull horn—has been in use since 1865. The original horn is, however, still preserved. It accompanies the Mayor and Corporation on all civic processions, being suspended from the baldric worn by the Sergeant-at-Mace.

It has long been customary for Ripon's Wakemen, and the mayors who have succeeded them, to decorate the baldric with a silver badge or some other emblem as they assumed office. By this means most of the dignitaries chose to indicate their trade or profession.

Thomas Fysher, Wakeman in 1515, immortalises himself with a badge which informs us that he was a farrier. Markyn, one of his immediate successors, is represented by a tau cross, which resembles a garment with spacious sleeves. Thomas Hebdon, 1576, flaunts his trade with a pair of apothecary's scales; Thomas Wardroper, 1602, has a cock perched on a wreath; while John Jefferson, 1647, uses the arms of the Drapers' Company.

Other callings represented in this astonishing display are those of the tailor, by a pair of scissors; the woodcutter, by an axe; the

armourer, by a helmet and a buckle; the brewer, by a beer barrel; and the forester, by a stag's head. Ripon's staple industries of bygone days are recalled by miniature spurs and crossbows which decorate the belts holding the Charter Horn.

What of present-day enterprises? Considerations of space have now made it necessary to restrict the size of each badge (the baldric is already crowded on the back and front, and a gusset has had to be added), but these tokens still proclaim their owners' callings in the prescribed pictorial manner.



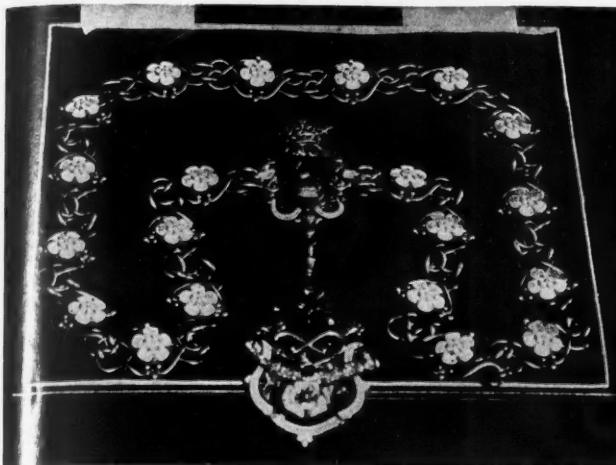
SETTING THE WATCH

This horn, in use since 1865, takes the place of one bought in 1690



THE SERGEANT-AT-MACE

Suspended from his baldric is the Charter Horn given by King Alfred in 886



THE CHAIN OF OFFICE FOR THE MAYORESS, FIRST WORN IN 1895

carries a replica of the Charter Horn in diamonds, the arms of Studley, and a couple of Ripon rowels

One mayor in the tea trade has a teapot inscribed on his badge; a stationer has a modest inkpot, while a local varnish-maker breaks new ground, so to speak, with a varnish-pot. One of the most effective of the modern badges—effective despite the ban on extravagance—is that devised by the Mayor for 1932-34. His connection with the transport services is neatly and economically suggested by the use of a horse's head, a motor wagon with solid tyres, and a winged pair of pneumatic tyres.

Ripon is justly proud of its trade history. Even the Mayor's chain is decorated with trade emblems of past holders of the office, while that used by the Mayoress—a beautiful gold ornament first worn in 1895-96 by the Marchioness of Ripon—bears, among other devices a replica of the Charter Horn, studded with diamonds, the arms of neighbouring Studley (a deer and a crown), and a couple of Ripon rowels.

Another who, though in different manner, acts as a custodian of the past is the impersonator of St. Wilfrid of Ripon, patron saint (together with St. Peter) of the cathedral. On the first Saturday in August this person, arrayed in the robes of a Roman Catholic bishop, rides on horseback through the city; a man dressed as a monk leads his simply caparisoned white horse, and musicians who accompany them play as an echo, as it were, of the great joy with which the good folk of Ripon greeted Wilfrid himself long ago, after he had been to Rome.

The events commemorated in this custom occurred nearly 1,300 years ago. To-day the appearance of "St. Wilfrid" outside the Town Hall, immediately before the procession, is the signal for the annual August fair which bears his name to begin. Stalls, booths, roundabouts, the tents of fortune-tellers—these and many other evidences of an old English fair are clustered around the towering Market Cross, and—provided the children are not too impatient!—the time-honoured signal is respectfully waited for.

The growth of new housing estates has necessitated slight changes in the route taken by St. Wilfrid's understudy through the city streets, but for two hours (from 2 p.m. until 4 p.m.) this benevolent figure, equipped with pastoral staff, goes among the people as a symbol of God's continuing mercies.



THE MARKET CROSS ERECTED IN PLACE OF AN OLDER ONE IN 1781



(Left) THE MEMORIAL TABLET IN RIPON CATHEDRAL TO THE LAST WAKEMAN (1604) AND FIRST MAYOR OF THE CITY

(Right) THE WAKEMAN'S HOUSE (THIRTEENTH CENTURY) IN THE MARKET PLACE



SOME QUAINT SUNDIALS

By J. D. U. WARD

THE most ancient of surviving sundials is Greek and dates from the fourth century. But the Greeks were not the inventors of sundials: it was from Babylon, says Herodotus, that his countrymen had dials. The ancient civilisations of China and Egypt seem both to have been ignorant of sundials, but the Arabs—those great astronomers, navigators and mathematicians—knew something of dialling, and the Hebrews' acquaintance with the science is attested by the simile in the Book of Job, "as a servant desireth the shadow," and by the story of the miraculous sign, when Jehovah caused the shadow on the sundial of Ahaz to go back 10 degrees as an earnest that Hezekiah should recover. That was in the seventh century B.C., so our Anglo-Saxon dials, which we commonly regard as very ancient, are only middle-aged as sundials go.

A fair number of Anglo-Saxon dials survive, the cut stones being built into many post-Saxon churches. Dividing the day not too accurately into eight tides, these dials were made as late as 1066, and it should be noted that many of the reputed Saxon scratch dials were in fact made after that famous date. But even portable or pocket dials were constructed, in small numbers, in pre-Norman times: an interesting example of an Anglo-Saxon pocket dial was found at Canterbury Cathedral some years ago.

The great age of fine pocket dials came later. Though a quadrant dial dated 1399 and carrying the badge of Richard II is an ingenious piece of work, it was in the sixteenth century that some of the finest and most famous pocket dials were made. Then worked the great Kratzer (described as "an Allemagne," and elected Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in July, 1517) who made for Cardinal Wolsey a

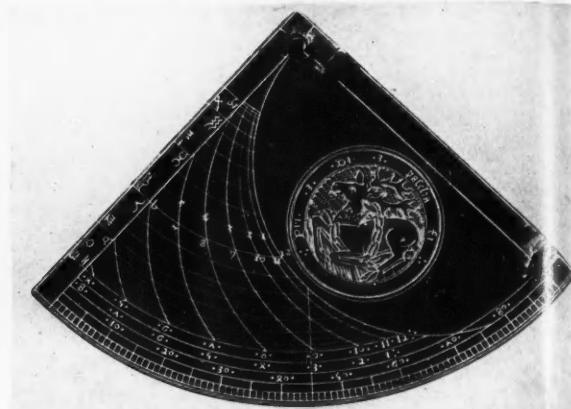
pocket dial which is now in the Lewis Evans collection; and then was made Sir Francis Drake's portable dial and nocturnal.

Dial construction was both widely and minutely studied: "Methinks it were a happy life . . . To carve out dials quaintly point by point," wrote Shakespeare—presumably in reference to shepherd's dials, and when Thomas Fale published in 1593 his *Art of Dialling* he did not forget to include a chapter on the construction of moon dials.

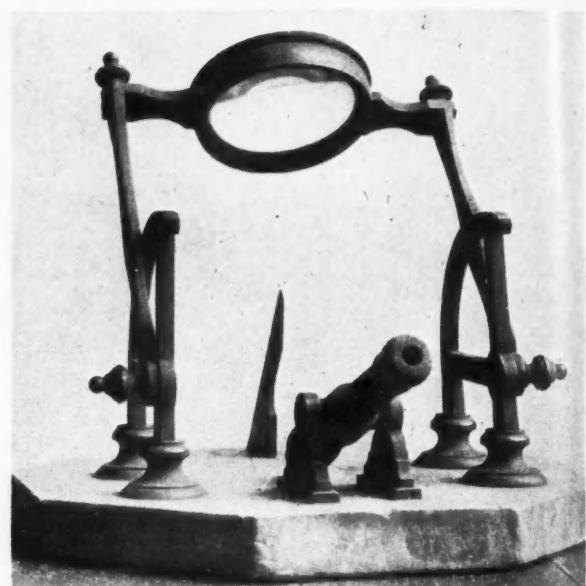
Old St. Paul's Cathedral boasted "a goodly dial," made "with all the splendour that might be, with its angel pointing to the hour both of the day and night." Kratzer's famous dial has gone from the garden of Corpus Christi College, but the pelican-crowned columnar dial in the quad, made by Charles Turnbull and carrying the dates 1581 and 1605, testifies with its perpetual calendar to the elaboration of dials in this era.

For another generation or two dialling remained a part of general scientific education, and it was inevitable that Wren, being a teacher of astronomy at Oxford before he achieved fame as an architect, should have been well versed in it. Indeed, as a boy of 15 he had constructed on the ceiling of his room a dial whereon the time was shown not by a shadow but by a spot of light reflected from a mirror hung in a south window. Oxford still has, on the south wall of the Codrington Library, the magnificent dial which Wren made in 1653, at a cost of £32 11s. 6d., for All Souls Chapel. As in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is still coloured blue and gold, to symbolise eternity. The motto is *Pereunt et imputantur*, which a wag once mistranslated for an inquisitive lady "They pass by and are thought of no more."

John Evelyn records that when

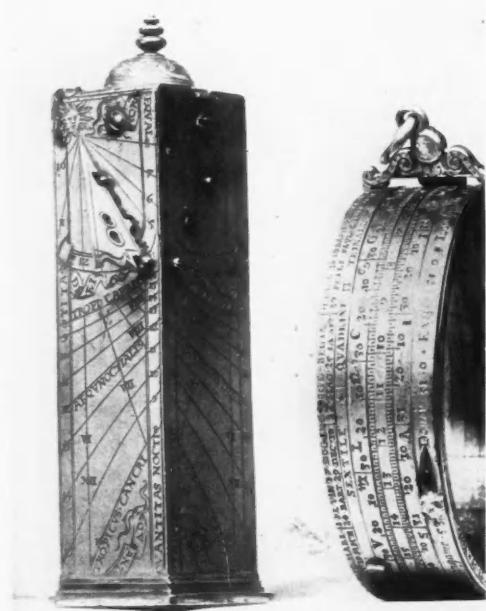


A QUADRANT DIAL WITH THE BADGE OF RICHARD II



CANNON-SUNDIAL IN THE LEWIS EVANS COLLECTION, OXFORD

At noon the sun's rays, focused by the glass, fired the cannon



ELABORATE POCKET DIALS—PILLAR AND RING SHAPE

This photograph, and that at the top of the page, are reproduced by courtesy of the British Museum



CYLINDER SUNDIAL OF LAST CENTURY

From an exhibit in the Science Museum, South Kensington. Crown copyright reserved

he dined with Dr. Wilkins at Wadham College his host showed him a collection of sundials and bee-hives, the latter built like miniature palaces, complete even to windows and sundials. Most of these things were the work of Dr. Wilkins and "that prodigious young scholar, Mr. Chr. Wren." Another reminder of Wren's interest in the sun as a time-indicator may be seen at Salisbury, where a vertical strip of whitewash on the coping of the wall opposite No. 28 in the Precincts marks the spot, as noted by Wren, on which the shadow of the tallest spire in England falls at noon.

A comparable noon-mark exists outside the gate-house at Peel Castle in the Isle of Man, where the arrival of the shadow at a given place announces noon to the guard. At Settle in Yorkshire there used to be a hillside dial, with the hours marked by large stones and the peak of Castleberg acting as gnomon.

Sir Isaac Newton was another famous student of dialling. A sun and moon dial at Queens' College, Cambridge, is not actually Newton's work, though it is often said to be, but in the Newton Chapel at Colsterworth, near Grantham, is a dial cut by the nine-year-old boy who later became the greatest of English scientists. It was while still a child that Newton constructed a spot dial, substantially the same as Wren's, on the ceiling of his room.

Indoor dials and spot dials on which light rather than shadow told the time were made in several different patterns. For instance, the church at Dalton le Dale in County Durham had on the north wall Roman numbers, part of an internal "sundial."

Among the most interesting of sundials



SUNDIAL MADE BY WREN IN 1653

On the south wall of Codrington Library

which fall outside the three main classes of wall dial, pedestal dial and pocket dial are the relatively rare stained glass window dials. The Court of Convocation at Oxford has one in a west window. Details of another Oxford example, at University College, were given in COUNTRY LIFE of July 27, 1940, when reference was also made to the example at Bucklebury Church in Berkshire. This dial carries the date 1649, which lends some colour to the suggestion that window dials were developed by glass-painters suffering from the Puritan objection to sacred subjects being represented in coloured glass.

The Bucklebury window has a fly painted on it, the legs on one side of the glass and the body on the other—a device which gives a most lifelike effect. There have been suggestions that a pun is intended (Time flies) and that, when a butterfly is depicted, that is intended to be an emblem of immortality. More probably these insects painted on glass were practical jokes. Several of the relatively few known window dials have them: bees are not unknown and in Continental glass spiders and webs may occasionally be found. It may be recalled that George Morland used to indulge his sense of

humour comparably by drawing cockroaches, coins or other objects on the floor.

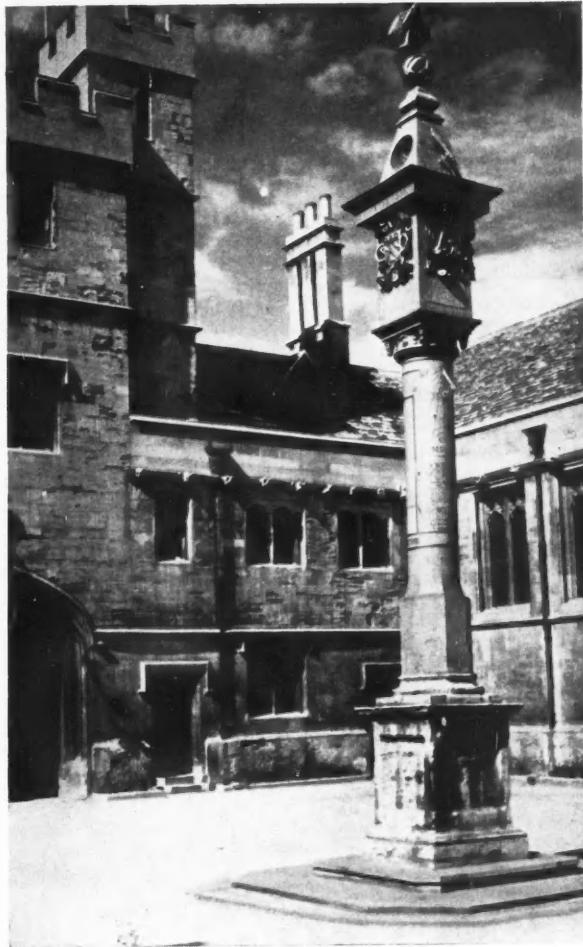
To revert to the subject of dates: two window dials at the Rectory, Northill, Bedfordshire, mentioned by Arthur Young in his *Six Weeks Tour*, were marked 1664. The artist was John Oliver (1616-1701), and both there and in another stained-glass dial now in an American collection he painted flies. The year 1664 appears again on a window dial at Widdington Church, Essex; 1652 and 1670 are other dates to be seen on glass sundials, 1670 occurring at Nun Appleton Hall, which is the earliest known example by Henry Gyles, artist of the previously mentioned University College example. A Titian Cupid holding in his hand a miniature sundial was Gyles's invention in 1670.

Other old stained glass window dials worthy of passing mention may be seen at Kersal Cell, Manchester, on the south side of Ledbury Church, in the private chapel of Berkeley Castle, in the Lollards' Tower of Lambeth Palace, at Winchester College, and at Groombridge Place, Kent—a Renaissance house whose window dial Evelyn may have seen. But not all window dials are antique: a few were made in the latter half of Queen Victoria's reign.

The one at Winchester College is set in one of the two south windows of the "Election Chamber," which is the principal room in the tower over "Middle Gate." In or about 1924 it was encased between two thin pieces of plain glass. The wings and upper side of the fly are painted on one side of the original glass, and the legs with the lower side of the body on the other side. For these notes, and for facilities to have the dial photographed, I am indebted to the Keeper of the College Archives.

Another interesting seventeenth-century fancy was for living garden sundials, with a gnomon of yew and figures of box. A book published in 1692 gives full directions for the growing of such sundials and notes that they enjoyed much favour in the West Indies, where myrtle and cypress were used. These living sundials were quite common, and examples used to exist at Oxford in the formal gardens of New College, Queen's College and Pembroke College.

A little later (in the eighteenth century) there was a popular revival of the wall dial, and many examples were set up on houses and church towers. At the same time preaching or market crosses which had lost the sacred emblem were "restored" with sundials: the market cross at Carlisle and the preaching cross at East Hagbourne in Berkshire are examples of crosses which are now sundials. It should perhaps be noted that a cross itself has sometimes been used



PELICAN-CROWNED COLUMNAR DIAL

At Corpus Christi College, Oxford

to make a sundial. Inclined at an angle, the cross's arms will throw shadows down the shaft. A sundial in Kew Gardens consists of a solid cross formed of five 3in. gunmetal cubes; made by Sir Charles Boys, F.R.S., it has full instructions and corrections engraved upon it.

The mottoes of sundials are as various as epitaphs and form a more interesting, because a less hackneyed, subject of collection and discussion. "Light is the Shadow of God," "I also am under authority," and "Sine Lumine Inane" (without light all is useless—which was appropriately on a window dial in the long-since demolished church of St. Benet Fink in Threadneedle Street, London), are three examples of the devout, or perhaps one might say profound. More common are admonitions: "Fear one hour and fear the last!" "Remember thou must die!" "Thou knowest my hour, not thine," "Shadows we are, and like shadows depart," "I warn while I move," and "So passes life."

Flippancy appears in "Wait a moment never say, when hours you mean—perchance the day," and "This is the hour of drinking"—the latter an innkeeper's distortion of the "Hora est orandi" on the neighbouring church.

The familiar and most popular "I only tell the sunny hours" is varied at Sandringham to Queen Alexandra's choice, "Let others tell of storms and showers, I'll only count your sunny hours." Strikingly apt is the form on the summer-time sundial at Petts Wood, Chislehurst, Kent, erected as part of the memorial to William Willett, the advocate of summer time: *Horas non nisi aestivas numero*, the word "aestivas" having been substituted for the usual "serenas." But most memorable of the personal mottoes is the pathetic inscription on the dial given by Charles I to Henrietta Maria: "United in Time; Parted in Time; To be re-united when Time shall be no more."



STAINED GLASS WINDOW DIAL AT BUCKLEBURY

The gnomon is missing: a fly is painted on the left

THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF MAN

By LIONEL EDWARDS

To St. Francis of Assisi, birds and beasts and fishes were friends and kinsmen, and even congregations.—ESSAYS IN ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY.

IN these days, when half the world wastes its time trying to understand the other half, with conspicuous lack of success, it is not without interest to speculate on our modern attitude to what St. Francis called "the little brothers of man."

In theory we are more humane than our ancestors, who did eventually do away with bear- and bull-baiting—actually not because it was cruel to the beast, but because it amused the onlooker. This Puritanical attitude they also applied to quite ordinary, as well as more questionable pastimes. Racing was made illegal about the same period, on the ground

neither of cruelty nor of the immorality of betting, but because the restoration of the monarchy was feared. Race meetings created crowds and were a good excuse for Royalist sympathisers to get together. Therefore the Lord Protector put a stop to racing, probably very much against his own wishes, as no man more dearly loved horses or was a better judge of them, and he took good care to have himself the first pick of the Royal stud after getting rid of its owner! Like most country gentlemen of his day, Cromwell kept a private pack of hounds, and, although some of his actions make it hard to believe, Old Noll was really a sportsman at heart.

In modern times, when the bulk of the population has left the land and become engulfed in mean streets and all kinds of transport is mechanised, our people have

become entirely divorced from their "little brothers." In my neighbourhood it is particularly noticeable at the present time, when every house and village has evacuees, that old Farmer Mangold's dairy herd, meandering down the village street at milking time, causes considerable consternation among the female strangers, although that feeling is fast wearing off. The town children still bolt into doors and gateways at the approach of a horse, which they regard as a most fearsome beast, but, to the exasperation of the village school teachers, they will scarcely get out of the way of a fast-moving car. Death on the road hardly interests, much less alarms, either child or adult.

It is, of course, not in any way surprising that all animals, except perhaps dogs and cats, should be strange and therefore fearsome to those who have seldom seen them, except in the films. This will perhaps yet be changed, for it is, I think, a justifiable hope that many children may not return to town life after the war. We may yet see the "back to the land" movement, and these very children may help to bridge the gap, which of late years has been growing ever wider, between the coated and trousered and the feathered and furred, for our evacuee children are being brought among countrymen and their beasts, and what is learned, especially by the younger children, is never entirely forgotten. At present an old man, "blitzed" out of his little shop in a southern town, is inhabiting our cottage. He is a farmer's son, but for forty years or so he had never seen the country, except at the holiday season. In the course of time he himself had almost adopted the townsman's view of the countryside, namely, a playground in which to holiday-make, or, as someone aptly put it, a tonic for tired townsmen. His delight in being back on a farm and seeing life as he knew it in his youth, and still practically unchanged, is almost pathetic.

You may or may not be one of those who think that "God gave the land to the people," but anyway we seem to have forgotten the bit which says "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." It would seem that this holiday view of the countryside must be of recent date.

That man and beast should have become further divided by the advent of the machine age is, I suppose, inevitable. Yet, if horse sense has diminished, greater sensibility has taken its place. At no time has greater interest been taken in literature dealing with animal life and natural history, at no period has there been such sensibility with regard to active cruelty, and, I am inclined to think also, at no period less interest in, or at least knowledge of, passive cruelty.

Although we may doubt that portion of the Bedouin Arabs' creed which maintains that on the Day of Judgment speech will be given to all animals, we can safely speculate on the opinions they might express on the human race of this date or that. Nevertheless, in spite of this widening gap between present-day man and beast, it is a curious fact that there are certain people who seem to hold the key to animal speech, or at any rate they have some method by which they do obtain mutual understanding—possibly they have an additional sense to you and me. Anyway, it would seem obvious that they possess something of which we are ignorant, but which they apparently are unable to impart to others.

This power appears in various forms. In some it is the taming of wild beasts; in others control over the domestic but unruly. These people seem to hold in their hands an extra link in that long chain which separates, yet binds together, the human and animal kingdoms. Most curious of all, I think, is that there are, or at any rate were, some who included in their



"DRESSED AS IF FOR BOND STREET WITH A LONG TAIL OF BAAING SHEEP FOLLOWING"

An example from the 'nineties of strange influence over animals

dominion over animals the gift of healing them. I have never come across such a one, but I see no reason to doubt the possibility in view of other contributing factors.

An older generation of veterinary surgeons, who have now mostly passed away, did their rounds either in the saddle or on wheels. Their business made the keeping of horses a necessity. This in practice meant that they suffered from the same ills as their clients, since their animals also were liable to the troubles caused by ill-fitting shoes, neglected harness, overwork and errors in diet. Therefore the "vet" of that period gained a working knowledge of horseflesh, sometimes unknown to the far better educated M.R.C.V.S. of to-day. I have no hesitation in saying so, having some few years ago employed both a father and son of that profession. The son was infinitely the better surgeon but quite unable to diagnose the seat of trouble with the same certainty or celerity as is father could.

I mention this by way of trying to explain, no so much the fact that some people have greater gifts than others, but the fact that when these gifts are combined with practical experience the results are remarkable. For instance, those unqualified "vets," or "cow doctors" as they were called, who are now perhaps almost a thing of the past, probably killed as a race more than they cured. Yet in certain admittedly rare instances they possessed some knowledge or gift unknown to us, which if perhaps not obtained from continual contact with animals was at any rate greatly enhanced thereby.

Such a one, I am told, wandered about Western Ireland in the 'nineties. He was blind from birth, and not infrequently blind from the bottle, as he suffered from a perpetual thirst, but it is said that this man cured not only lameness but bleeding wounds by touch. One may doubt the possibility of a blind man being successful in the field of manipulative surgery, yet the loss of sight, as is well known, causes compensating increase in the senses of touch and hearing, and there is on record a much quoted case of a qualified veterinary surgeon who went blind, but continued to practise his profession successfully, depending on his senses of touch and hearing. It was a commonplace on his part to be able, on the approach of a lame horse which he could not see and had not yet touched, to diagnose by sound which leg the animal was lame on.

Now let us take control over animals. In the days of the horse the names of outstanding horse tamers, such as Rarey, were well known to the public. Whether these horse tamers had magic gifts (such used to be frequently attributed to gipsy horse dealers), or whether they used drugs I am unable to say, but the fact remains that they were successful in their practice, although it may well be doubted if the results were permanent.

We all know of individuals with whom all horses seem to go kindly. Presumably these persons have some small grain of the gift. But what is so baffling is the fact that some of the best horsemen with whom horses go so kindly are often not particularly fond of horses. In fact, this gift, or influence over the brute creation, seems given to most unlikely people in some cases.

There was in the 'nineties a gentleman, much in evidence at all fashionable gatherings during the London season on account of his good looks and marvellous tailoring, who had the strangest influence over animals. He was a curious character, and in the country looked less like a countryman than anything you could imagine, being usually quite unsuitably dressed for rural pursuits. A fine horseman, he was, in his curious detached way, and fond of horses. It is perhaps a clue to his character that he risked local popularity by refusing to ride out a finish on an old favourite, who had won the race several times before and was "favourite," because he thought it was on this occasion unduly distressed on account of age. Not everyone would have such strength of character. All his dogs adored him, yet he took little notice of them individually. What most astonished me was that the farm animals, with whom he had nothing to do beyond being their owner, seemed devoted to him also.

I shall never forget the strange sight he



MEMBERS OF A "BACHELORS' CLUB" CALL FOR THEIR RATIONS

These wild deer from a Highlands forest came regularly to the house to be fed

presented on a Sunday morning, strolling off for church, dressed as if for Bond Street in this remote spot, with a long tail of sheep following, baaing loudly! As far as I know he had never fed these sheep, yet they frequently followed him about the paddock near the house. I am well aware that it is usual for Continental sheep to follow their shepherds, and that this is the custom in a few places in Great Britain, but this gentleman was not even their shepherd.

From domestic animals let us turn to the wild. The pages of COUNTRY LIFE testify to the popularity of pets and to the astonishing number of people who have, more or less successfully, tamed wild creatures. Here again one occasionally comes across persons who have an almost uncanny influence over wild animals. One such I met in the Highlands. This lady lived on the edge of a deer forest, the name of which I have forgotten. The house was at the foot of a glen the lower part of which was heavily wooded with old Scotch firs and silver birch. Up to then the Forestry Commission had not slain the old trees to make room for the young, so the country still retained the pristine beauty of the Highlands. These woods were full of fallow and roe deer, while higher up the glen were red deer. The house lay a few yards off the main road, surrounded by a wild garden and woodlands.

As we approached, a fallow buck vanished into the trees. Our host and hostess were having tea on the veranda, and apparently the buck had been sharing the good things. We all know how tame park deer easily become, but this was a wild animal. It appeared that our hostess had established a sort of bachelors' club for

these deer, which she consistently fed in winter, and in under two years some of them had become so tame that they came right on to the veranda to be fed, and some half-dozen or so always remained in the vicinity of the house.

The club apparently included honorary members, as some of the wildest bucks joined it in winter when food was scarce, reverting to the wild again with the return of summer. She had names for all the deer, and one, Edgar, I remember, had a particularly fine head. They would come to call even when strangers were present, provided the latter kept still, but when alarmed they rushed back into the woods, although the tamer ones still remained within sight of the garden. When they were near the house it was most amusing to see them turn their heads to watch the upper windows, from which the maids would throw them scraps, and several of the bucks well knew which window downstairs was the kitchen.

Our hostess had a flair for taming both bird and beast, particularly wild duck, but she also had partly tamed a pair of roe deer—most shy and furtive beasts, but I think the most beautiful of the cervine race. These, however, were seldom to be seen, as the fallow deer chased them away. Red deer she had not attempted to tame.

I could give other instances of this curious gift of dominion over the beasts of the field, but perhaps I have already "over-egged the pudding," and the reader might even quote against me the words of St. Francis, who, when he was preaching, was interrupted by chattering starlings. "My dear sisters, you have talked long enough. It is my turn now!" he said.



1.—THE ENTRY FRONT FROM THE NORTH

HALL BARN, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE—I

THE HOME OF MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. E. F. LAWSON

Edmund Waller, the poet, built the house and laid out the gardens in the manner of Versailles, after his return from exile in 1651

IT is unaccountable that Hall Barn is not one of the famous country seats of Britain, its magnificent grounds more widely recognised as an outstanding masterpiece in the Grand Manner. No other poet of the status of Edmund Waller built himself a residence of such noble proportions, while the great pleasure grounds, with their avenues and groves and formal lake, are as exceptional for their completeness and beauty as for their date and authorship. Yet the house, in one recent text-book of architecture, is stated to have been destroyed, and at the present moment the Timber Control authorities threaten the felling of Waller's groves. Unless averted,

that would be a national misfortune comparable to a bomb striking Hampton Court, as will surely be agreed when the groves are illustrated next week. It would scarcely have been suggested were it realised that at Hall Barn the nation possesses the earliest and one of the grandest of formal landscape gardens and one, moreover, laid out by a considerable historical and literary figure.

Waller's house has admittedly been twice added to, and little, if anything, remains within of his date. And the temples and ornamental objects in the grounds are due to his grandson, who evidently carried on and developed the poet's landscapes.

But the alterations in just under 300 years have been remarkably sympathetic. In about 1832 a south front was added to the house, looking down the lake towards the groves, by Sir Gore Ouseley, a distinguished ex-Ambassador to Persia: and three bays on the left of Fig. 1, together with the east side, by Sir Edward Lawson, afterwards Lord Burnham, some 60 years ago. But although two sides are thus hidden, the front and form of the house built by Waller after 1651 are little changed.

This, as can be seen from the entry and the west sides (Fig. 2), was one of those tall square houses surmounted by a louvre, of which the classic surviving examples are Thorpe Hall, near Peterborough, designed during the Commonwealth by Inigo Jones's pupil John Webb, and Ashdown, built by Lord Craven, among the Berkshire downs soon after the Restoration. The type was a transitional one between the Jacobean and the characteristic Wren type, and was soon discarded. But it introduced the hipped roof with pedimented dormers rising from an overhanging wooden cornice in place of the old gabled construction; and large regular windows. What is remarkable at Hall Barn is the early use of brickwork textured all over by black headers, and the determined, if inexpert, attempt to produce a classical effect in the front with tiers of grouped pilasters. An old drawing of the house, reproduced by Professor Richardson in *The Smaller English House*, 1650-1830, shows this pilaster treatment was carried round the east side, and no doubt the south front too; but there is no sign of it on the west. The three orders—Ionic, Corinthian and Composite—are accurate enough, though the upper order lacks its entablature, no doubt because it would have got in the way of the cornice. The detailing was evidently copied from some French or Italian book of architecture, as may have been the attempt to carry through stone string courses (the levels of which got the designer into difficulties in relation to his pilasters). But what he came to the central group forming the "frontispiece" over the front door and supporting two little superimposed pedimented



2.—THE NORTH AND WEST SIDES OF WALLER'S HOUSE, PROBABLY BUILT FROM HIS OWN DESIGN

The extension to the left was added by Lord Burnham 60 years ago

his amateur status becomes evident. His columns have no bases but spring uncomfortably from the slopes of the pediments below them (that over the front door is hidden by the later *porte cochère*). As Avray Tipping put it, "the effect is like nothing so much as a set of acrobats poising themselves on top of each other in the most frail equilibrium. It is interesting and unusual to find such slatternly construction in a building of this style and date. In Elizabethan and Jacobean carpentry it is only to be expected. But none of the architects of the Restoration—Webb, or Pratt, or Wynn, or May—would have been guilty of such solecisms."

Another curious trait is the lack of balance in the general composition, with a single large wing stretched out to the northwest connected by a high curving brick wall. From the rusticated doorways, arched or pedimented, it is evidently an addition of Harry Waller's about 1730, when Colin Campbell built for him the "Great Room" at the head of the lake, and it originally contained stables. Previously the square block of the house would seem to have had no flanking walls or pavilions, such as were usual to provide staff accommodation and harmonise the tall house with its site. It is possible there was a walled forecourt, swept away in 1730. But the problem of hiding the back door seems actually to have been got over through the steep slope of the site towards the west enabling it to be at basement level.

The conclusion remains strong, however, that the seventeenth-century house must have been the design of an amateur possessed of good and at that date remarkable general knowledge. As the owner of Hall Barn throughout Charles II's reign was a man of versatile genius, it seems allowable to assign the design to Edmund Waller himself.

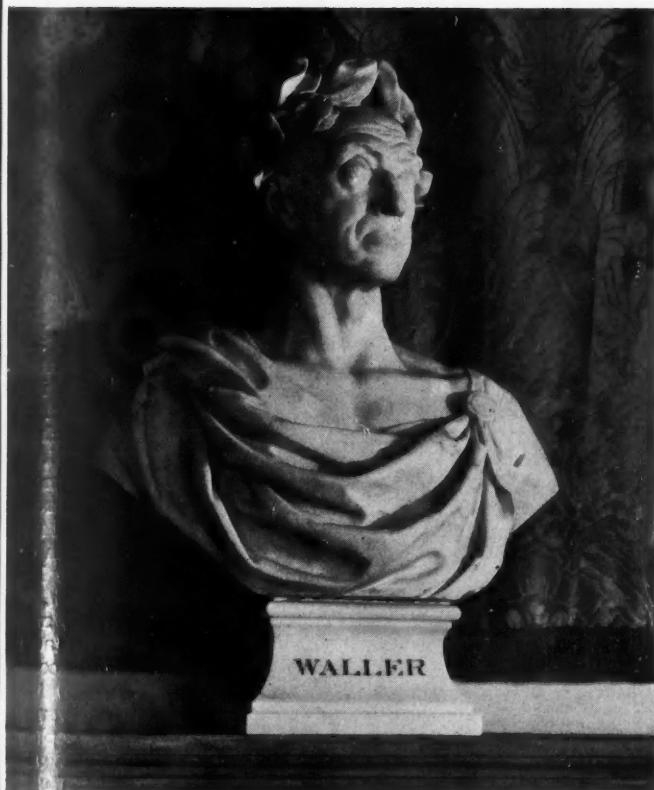
Hall Barn lies just south of Beaconsfield on the road towards Burnham Beeches, of which ancient forest its park was probably once an extension. The three manors of Beaconsfield—Wilton Park, Gregories (where



3.—MEMORIALS OF WALLER AND BURKE ARE NEIGHBOURS IN THE ENTRANCE HALL

Edmund Burke made his home), and Hall Barn—formerly all belonged to Burnham Abbey, the last probably getting its name from the monks having had there a manor hall and a barn. In early Tudor times Hall Barn belonged to Lord Williams of Thame and in 1624 was bought by Anne Waller and her son Edmund. The Wallers also had the estate of Coleshill, between Beaconsfield and Amersham, where Edmund, son of Robert Waller, was born in 1605. He, his father and grandfather are all designated "of Coleshill," though a cousin Thomas is "of Beaconsfield." Robert Waller

died when his son was ten, so that he was brought up by his mother, a relative of John Hampden. He always alleged that he entered Parliament at the phenomenal age of 16, but he first came into the public eye in 1630 by eloping with Anne Banks, the heiress of a wealthy London merchant and ward of the Court of Aldermen. His patrimony seems to have been abundant, and his marriage is said to have brought him £8,000, so that Waller is the richest poet known to English literature with the exception of Rogers. In the Beaconsfield parish records there is a licence noted under 1632



4.—EDMUND WALLER
Bust, probably from a death mask, 1728



5.—THE WALLER MONUMENT IN BEACONSFIELD CHURCHYARD. By William Stanton

for Mrs. Ann Waller to eat flesh on Fridays as she is in delicate health. In 1634 she bore a son, but died in the following year.

Waller, who had Thomas Hobbes as a tutor for the boy, took Morley, later Bishop of Worcester and Winchester, to live with him, and under their influences the widower began to apply himself to letters. He joined the "club" that gathered round Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, where he was probably first recognised as a poet, and it was then that he undertook his famous courtship of Saccharissa—Lady Dorothy Sidney. In spite of such charming missives as

Go, lovely rose
Tell her, that wastes her time and me . . .

Saccharissa preferred to marry the Earl of Sunderland; nor does Waller appear to have been heart-broken. The affair, perhaps always more literary than passionate, had served its purpose, so that when, years later, the lovers met again, and the Countess asked him when he would write such pretty verses to her again, the poet could answer: "When you are as young, madam, and as handsome as you were then!" He soon consoled himself with a less aristocratic second wife, a Miss Mary Bressy, and, on the renewal of Parliament after Charles I's 13 years of personal government, by passionately ventilating national abuses. He poured out easy eloquence on the popular side till matters began to become serious, when his flow of oratory took the opposite course. From being regarded as a moderate man by both sides, as the Civil War deepened bitterness, both began to view him with increasing suspicion till, in 1644 he found himself imprisoned by Parliament and saddled with a fine of £10,000.

After a year of durance he was allowed to go into exile abroad. Evelyn, in the spring of 1646, left Venice "accompanied by Mr. Waller (the celebrated poet) now newly gotten out of England after the Parliament had extremely worried him." They visited Vicenza together, where Evelyn, and probably Waller, took an intelligent interest in the buildings by Palladio. They were still together when, on the way home, they took a boat down the Loire from Rohan to Orleans—

taking our turns to row; some times we footed it thro' pleasant fields and meadows; sometimes we shot at fowls and other birds; nothing came amiss; sometimes we played at cards, whilst others sang or were composing verses, for we had a great poet, Mr. Waller, in our company.

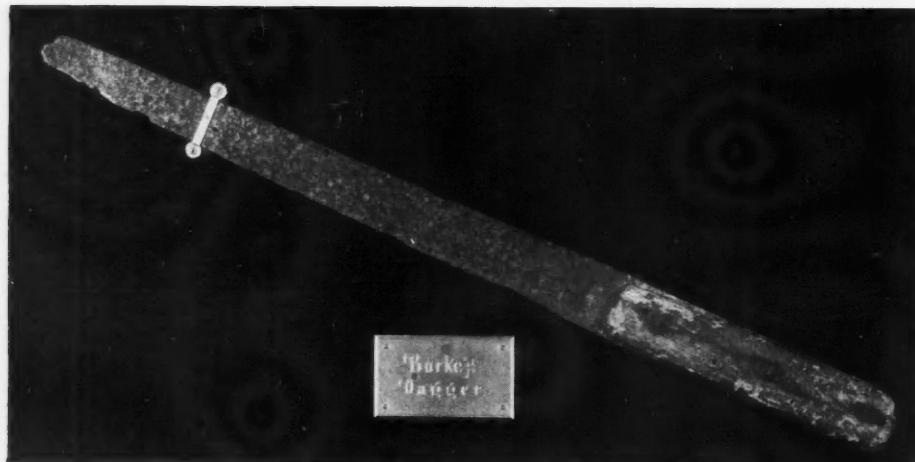
Evelyn returned to England, but Waller went to Paris, where he is said to have lived in a style of great splendour and in the society of persons distinguished for their wealth and talents, until, in 1651, he was



6.—RUSTIC IMPLEMENTS IN THE IRONWORK OF THE OBELISK GATE



7.—AND IN SCULPTURE ON THE
OBELISK'S BASE
On the right, the Waller Crest



8.—BURKE'S DAGGER, PRESERVED IN THE HALL

pardoned and permitted to return "to his house at Beaconsfield."

It is not known how soon he began to build and lay out gardens at Hall Barn. But the Grove, "the creature of his own taste, was the peculiar scene of his daily wanderings." As he lived to a ripe old age, he had the happiness to see the plantations well established before he died in 1687. His association with Evelyn in Italy and the company he kept in Paris—which no doubt made him free of Versailles—are of great significance in accounting for his operations on his return. The house is said to have been built in 1675. But his nine years' enforced rustication following on five years' residence and travel in France and Italy, make it probable that he turned his energy and impressions to building and gardening long before the Restoration. His estate should have been able to recover from the £10,000 fine by the time he was allowed to come home. In which case he would be one of the few Englishmen of the Commonwealth with fortunes and tastes unimpaired by the war, and Hall Barn, as he built it, one of the very few examples of a country house of the Commonwealth decade. Webb's somewhat similar Thorpe Hall is another. His occupation during the years 1646-51 also tend to confirm the internal evidence that he was his own architect.

A curious feature of the layout as a whole is that the house bears little relationship to it. From the south side there is an oblique view of the long formal lake formed in the gentle valley on the side of which the house stands, but it is incidental. Nor is there any attempt at a commensurate approach to the house, which is reached across an ordinary expanse of parkland from the northwards. Yet at the far south end of the Grove, which lies beyond the lake, there is a most magnificent approach, the Dipple Drive (Fig. 10). It is not so much an avenue as a straight cut through detached woods and clumps for the distance of 1½ miles. The beeches—over 1,000 have lately been cut—have their converging branches removed and are in many places pleached, so that the effect is of a great canyon, in spring through jade green cliffs, in autumn through gold and russet. At the point where the drive impinges on the radiating alleys of the Grove layout, Harry

Waller set up an obelisk, which, in common with all the garden ornaments, seems to bear the impress of Colin Campbell. At the entrance to the Grove is a wrought iron hand-gate (Fig. 6), the cresting of which is a *tour de force* composed of ears of corn and rustic implements, a second importation from some baroque garden of France or Austria.

Another historic Edmund is indirectly associated with Hall Barn: Burke, who in 1760, was able to achieve his dream of having a country estate by buying the adjoining manor of Gregories from the Wallers. The association is commemorated in the entrance hall (Fig. 3): over the chimney-piece stands a bust of Waller (Fig. 4) dated 1728, possibly by Rysbrack from a death mask; and to the left of it hangs in a frame the curious object seen in Fig. 8, described as Burke's Dagger. It is a rusty blade with a wooden handle, in all 15 ins. long. In 1792, at the climax of the French Revolution, Burke called at the Foreign Office on his way to the House where the Aliens Bill was to be discussed, imposing restrictions on the entry and movements of suspicious foreigners. The Under-Secretary of State showed Burke a dagger which had been sent to a manufacturer in Birmingham as a pattern with an order for some thousands. Burke took it with him and after Fox had spoken against the measure (as a further discouragement of liberty), Burke concluded a speech in its support by revealing that this order for daggers had been placed, how many for export, and how many for home consumption, he could not say. Pulling out the dagger, he threw it on the floor of the House, exclaiming, "This is what you are to gain from your alliance with France," and when scornful tittering was heard from Fox's direction,



9.—THE OBELISK AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROVE FROM THE PARK
Erected about 1730, and probably designed by Colin Campbell



10.—DIPPLE DRIVE, THE NOBLE APPROACH TO WALLER'S GROVE



11.—THE OBELISK AT THE EDGE OF THE GROVE FROM DIPPLE DRIVE

"Let us," he ended, "keep French principles from our heads and French daggers from our hearts." Burke's biographer is at pains to prove that Sheridan did not, as he alleged, thereupon jeer: "The gentleman has shown us the knife; where is now the fork?" But there is none the less a diverting sequel to the episode, which caused a great sensation at the time. After the speech the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, from whom it had been borrowed, is supposed to have collected the dagger from the floor: but so late as 1860 a farmer, who, grotesquely enough, also had the distinction of having sat to Reynolds in his childhood as the Infant Hercules, used to exhibit a dagger as the identical weapon introduced by Burke. Presumably this is it.

Waller and Burke, between whose careers both as statesmen and exponents of aesthetics, further parallels might be drawn, genuinely had this in common: that they both found their greatest contentment in the neighbourhood of Beaconsfield. In the churchyard and in the church respectively their bones lie, the poet's beneath the dramatic baroque monument (Fig. 5) in which an obelisk is supported by four skulls between flaming urns, the inscribed pedestal beneath partly concealed by black marble draperies. Erected presumably by his son, Dr. Stephen Waller, it is from a design by William Stanton. It is a noble sepulchre, shaded by a great old walnut, yet, vain as Waller is held to have been in his prime, perhaps more grandiose than he would have chosen who in old age wrote—

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

By E. H. D. SEWELL

THE whereabouts of big game being a never-failing source of interest to sportsmen, I am sanguine enough to hope that, errors and omissions excepted, some comment upon the habitat and lawful occasions of some of the Household Names of our Rugger aces of bygone times may serve to while away a period of another winter of our discontent.

One's thoughts turn naturally at this time of year to the Stags of Rugger, some of the twelve pointers, whose names were in everybody's mouth. Where are they now—for instance, those grand players who made up the Scottish side of 1901; most of the Welsh sides of that country's halcyon era, 1904 to 1906; that Irish side which, at Belfast in 1906, won the greatest victory in the history of International Rugby; and the fine English half-backs and pack of the 1920-24 spasm of success?

It is mainly thanks to one of that Scottish XV, their irrepressible half, J. I. Gillespie, who played in all three matches—each won—that I have been able to discover these tracks. The full-back, A. W. Duncan; centres, A. B. Timms and Phipps Turnbull; R. M. Neill, half; "Darkie" Bedell-Sivright, "Jummie" Ross and F. P. Dods, forwards, have crossed the vale—"Darkie" on active service in Gallipoli; Dods not on active service but during the last war; Neill, in the Malay States in 1913; Timms, many years ago at Cardiff, and Turnbull, about 1905. Dr. W. H. Welsh, one wing, has a practice at Bridge of Allan; the other wing, Dr. A. N. Fell, one at Colchester. Gillespie goes strong in Edinburgh, and his other partner, F. H. Fasson, for whom, when injured, Neill played against England, has retired and lives in the glorious country near Jedburgh. Of the forwards, Mark Morrison (captain), who still watches the game occasionally, farms near Longniddry, East Lothian; J. M. Dykes is in business in Glasgow; Dr. A. B. Flett is in Edinburgh; R. S. Stronach is believed to be at McLeod City, Canada; J. A. Bell went abroad and his whereabouts are not known to me, and that fine player, Dr. A. Frew, who captained South Africa against our touring side in 1903, I last saw at Johannesburg 18 years ago.

A FORGOTTEN RECORD

I have not been successful in my *shikar* of that great unbeaten Scottish side of 1891, but that grand full-back, or three-quarter, and cricketer, H. J. Stevenson, is still going strong in Edinburgh, and H. T. O. Leggatt is in business in Lancashire. The record of that team, a bag of 10 goals and 8 tries to the solitary goal by England at Richmond, has been much too readily and completely obscured by the mists of time.

Crossing St. George's stormy channel, I have been able, largely with the help of one of the two outstanding heroes of that greatest of all wins, Dr. Joseph Wallace, to track to their lairs most of his fellows. The occasion to which I refer was the one goal and two tries to two tries defeat of Wales. I recall that, at half time, Ireland led 8—3, having already played one short, W. B. Purdon, half, who was carried off, for some time. Both sides then scored unconverted tries, so that Ireland led by the final score when with a quarter of an hour to go, E. D. Caddell, the other half, was removed with a broken bone in an ankle. Wallace and F. Gardiner then became the "half-backs." Except that W. J. Trew and Llewellyn were not playing, this was a strongest possible Welsh side at the zenith of Welsh Rugby. Winfield; Maddocks, Nicholls, Gabe, Morgan; Gibbs, Owen; Harding, Joseph Hodges, Pritchard, Evans, Travers, Westacott, and Powell were held by an Irish pack of six and two *remplaçants* at half, in front of D. Casement, J. C. Parke (centres), H. Thrift, right, and Basil Maclear, left (wings), and G. J. Henebry. There was some *whirroo*! and the rest, in Belfast that night!

Of that stout-hearted Irish team I take the forwards first. C. E. Allen (captain) went to

Canada; J. J. Coffey, retired from the Civil Service, is an active member of the Irish Union, honorary secretary of his own club, the famous Lansdowne, and plays golf; A. Tedford (Malone) is in business in Belfast and is very keen on yachting; Dr. H. G. Wilson, who died last year, was practising in Larne; M. White is a Lt.-Col. R.A.M.C. (retired); Dr. H. J. Knox has a practice in Liverpool; F. Gardiner (North of Ireland), who died some years ago, was originally his club's half-back before being capped as a forward; and Dr. Joseph Wallace practises at Roscrea, is a live member of the Irish Union and plays as much lawn tennis and golf as he can when not fishing or encouraging the local school's Rugger team.

TENNIS AND GOLF NOW

Of the backs, both halves "Tommy" Caddell and W. B. Purdon are Lt.-Cols. R.A.M.C. (retired), Caddell after many years in the last war, then at Freetown and Bombay. Purdon's keen interest in the Army Rugby Union remains, I believe, unabated. That grand lawn tennis player, J. C. Parke, practises law in Wales and still plays lawn tennis and golf; while the long striding, fast left-wing, H. Thrift is a Fellow (senior) of T. C. D., honorary secretary of the International Board and a very active member of the Irish Union when he can get away from the links!

Basil Maclear, as the Rugby world remembers and has mourned, fell in the last war in France with the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. He had previously seen service in the Boer War. Only a few days ago a well-known English international speaking to me paid this Admirable Crichton the following sincere tribute: "As a boy of 18 I used to go to the match if only to see Basil Maclear walk on to the pitch." Maclear was indeed a man among men, like Gwyn Nicholls, one who "filled the eye."

Time was when Llewellyn, Nicholls, Gabe and Morgan, of the 1904-06 era, were a line of "threes" which, in Wales, they conjured by, and elsewhere they almost feared. Of all our "Home" lines since the act of William Webb Ellis of Rugby none excelled this one.

After the inevitable day of retirement came this Welsh quartet used to meet annually for many years on the links, the right-wing pair defying Gabe and Morgan to do their worst in a blood foursome. I never heard which was worst, but Bobby Jones, or, I expect, Bernard Darwin, could have whacked the lot of them!

Except never-to-be-forgotten Gwyn Nicholls, who died at Dinas Powis, Glamorgan, three years ago, they are with us still. Morgan, with his son in the Royal Navy, and his two daughters on war work in Nairobi and New York respectively as units in our far-flung battle-line, is a doctor in Norfolk. There he lost an eye out shooting a few years back, and says now he's "a worse shot than ever, but I have a grand labrador." Was there ever a better wee left-wing than Teddy? Not in my seeing anyway

MOST DIFFICULT STAND-OFFS

Willie Llewellyn is a happy grandfather, lives at Bridgend and golfs over Southerndown. Gabe is at Cardiff, as is the elusive Percy Bush, after some years at Nantes. He, one of the two most difficult stand-offs to tackle I ever saw, J. Hunter (New Zealand, 1905) being the other, is somewhat of an invalid.

Winfield, that very safe full back at handling and touch-finding, be the day windy or calm and he with or against, and both half-backs, Trew and that tough midget "Dicky" Owen, have all passed over. What a player of Rugby football Trew was! He was top-drawer class either at centre or stand-off in all respects. Cliff Pritchard, who was five-eighths in the famous New Zealand match of December, 1905, has also joined the majority.

Of that well-drilled, disciplined, pack, Arthur Harding (Cardiff) has long been in New Zealand; C. M. Pritchard (Newport) fell in the last war, and Dai Jones (Aberdare), a 15-stone

forward at his best, is also dead. G. Travers (Pill Harriers), father of the latest Welsh hooker, and W. Joseph (Swansea) are still with us. I have no information about J. J. Hodges (Newport) or of J. F. Williams (London Welsh), who complete the seven who played against New Zealand in 1905.

Of other bygone great Welsh players the best known one, W. J. Bancroft (Swansea), is still able to show some, if not all, of his caps to his grandchildren, great and ordinary. His brother, J. who died this year, cost the Welsh Union 18 more caps. Fifty-one in one family sounds enough. The four *frères* Neilson were expensive enough to Scotland with a mere 3 between them. These were all completely overshadowed by the bill which the Irish Union had to foot for the Stevensons, G. V. (42) and H. W. V., who collected 56.

Since near the end of England's victorious spell, 1920-24, I received the written thanks of the Chairman of England's Selection Committee for "your valuable help in choosing the sides." I regret very much that I do not know more of the present whereabouts of the members of most of those teams than I do. It is probably true that those were some of the easiest of English teams to choose. The half-backs, W. J. A. Davies and C. A. Kershaw (the best of all scrum-halves in my experience) simply chose themselves year after year; as did the right-wing, C. N. Lowe, R.A.F.; and generally L. G. Brown, G. S. Conway, A. T. Blakiston, W. W. Wakefield, E. R. Gardner, W. E. G. Luddington and A. T. Voyce of the pack. But unbiased observers do not overlook that up to 1923 Scotland had scarcely recovered from her war losses; nor had Wales made good the departures to the Northern Union which hard times had forced on her players; while, as so often with Ireland, they seldom knew till the match was over if they'd got a fifteen at all!

While England had the same halves in four of the five successive Calcutta Cups won, 1920-24, Scotland played eight different ones and never had the same pair twice! And when Kershaw dropped out of the game in 1923 England had another scrum-half in A. T. Young (whose resting place in Bareilly Cemetery U.P. I visited in 1934) who was a tip-top successor to the great "K."

A REPRESENTATIVE PACK

Probably the English pack in the Calcutta Cup of 1924 was fairly representative, and with "Bruno" L. G. Brown for A. Robson would have been a best possible of that period. It was Luddington, Conway, Edwards, Wakefield, Cove-Smith, Robson, Voyce, Blakiston. The first-named, a grand forward and place-kicker, fell in action in the Mediterranean last year. I have no information about Edwards or Robson. Dr. Cove-Smith practises in London, and recently I saw Wakefield, almost straight from trying in the House of Commons to put a check on the waste of paper, attempting to curb waste of overkeen effort in a game at the Athletic Ground. While Wakefield got his cap at the first opportunity in 1920, Cove-Smith had to wait until 1921, although he was in the Cambridge XV's of 1919 and 1920.

I cannot close without a brief tribute to that great forward and captain of the Services and of England, the late Admiral Norman A. Wodehouse, who was lost last year on convoy duty. He was one of the best captains England ever had, partly because of his silence. And he was not nicknamed "Ginger" for nothing. Another splendid notable of about the same period, Admiral Sir George D'Oyly Lyon, has a very important command nearer home than when he was at the head of affairs on the South African station in 1939-40. I shall never forget his feats at full-back for the Services against the full strength of the Quins at Twickenham. He seemed to collect their left-wings, Lambert, with his right arm and put him in his pocket, then scoot across and bag the right-wing Henry Brougham who was just about to get the try engineered by Stoop directly he saw the accident to Lambert. "Torpedo" Lyon has never been given the seat in the front row of the world's full-backs to which he was entitled. Since the last war I have not seen his equal.

ENGLISH SILVER

THE first important sale of English silver for some time at Messrs. Christie's displays the changing pageant of taste from the Restoration to the late eighteenth century, and also gives some indication of the wise patronage of the great families during the period of great craftsmanship. We see the decorative glitter, and swirling acanthus leaves of Charles II repoussé, where an impression is given of a rush of decorative energy. The set of three covered vases (Fig. 1) are characteristic of this reign's love of display, when not only the "chimney furniture of plat" (in Evelyn's words), but the *garniture de cheminée* and even "great vases of wrought plate" were among the ich ornaments of the Duchess of Portsmouth's apartments. In these vases, modelled on Oriental covered jars, the whole surface is embossed and chased with *put*, among scroll foliage on a matted ground.

A little later in date is the tankard (Fig. 2) which, like many of these vessels of the second half of the seventeenth century, is very plain, with a flat lid and massive handle. The barrel is engraved with the arms of Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond (1672-1723), natural son of Charles II and Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. The boy was given the Garter in 1681, when he was nine years old, and the story goes that he accidentally placed the blue ribbon over his left shoulder, instead of round his neck, which occasioned an order from the king that henceforward it should be so worn.

In this sale there is a set of silver-gilt candleabra, which in the second half of the eighteenth century served as lights on the table, on either side of the chimney-piece, and upon pedestals or torchères. This set is composite; the stems (1743) chased with medallions of Caesar's and scale pattern being by Edward Feline and the branches by Jeremiah Ashley. There is an attractive silver-gilt supper-set with petal-shaped borders by various makers, bearing hall-marks of the first five years of the eighteenth century, John Eckford, John Stockar and John Bodington. There is no attempt to decorate unnecessarily these simple pieces, which do not show any features by which they can be identified as by any particular goldsmith. They are engraved in the centre with the arms of Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwicke, and of his wife, Marchioness Grey and Baroness Lucas in her own right. No doubt accompanying this supper-set is a pair of silver-gilt dishes (1717) by David Tanqueray, a goldsmith whose mark was entered in 1713. These have the same petal-shaped borders and are engraved with the same arms. The handles, cast and chased, are modelled as female busts (Fig. 3).

Another undecorated piece is a silver-gilt cup and cover of the same date by Anthony Nelme, who executed a great quantity of notable silver between 1684 and 1722. The only relief to its plain surface is its central rib and moulded borders and the engraved armorial bearings of William Aislaby, of Studley Royal.

There can be no doubt that it was the immigrant French craftsmen who led their English contemporaries in the direction of more elaborate designs; and this sale includes several pieces of the greatest master of the rococo

style, Paul de Lamerie, whose working life extended from 1712 to 1751.

All the examples in the sale, however, dated from his early period. There are some specimens of his waiters and salvers with raised borders and rounded corners, which depend for their interest on his skilful use of engraved armorial bearings, and borders of foliage and strapwork.



2.—TANKARD (1686)
Engraved with the arms of the first Duke of Richmond



1.—THREE VASES (1669)

One pair bears the hall-mark of 1724 and one single salver of 1728. There is also a pair of sauceboats by de Lamerie (1737) which reach an early Georgian massiveness in their sturdy lion feet and lion masks. The scroll handles are chased with shells, and the sauceboats are engraved with the arms of Lamb. Other pieces in this group record the marriages of Sir Matthew and Sir Penistone Lamb (ancestors of Queen Victoria's Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne). This representative group of English silver was sold on March 18.

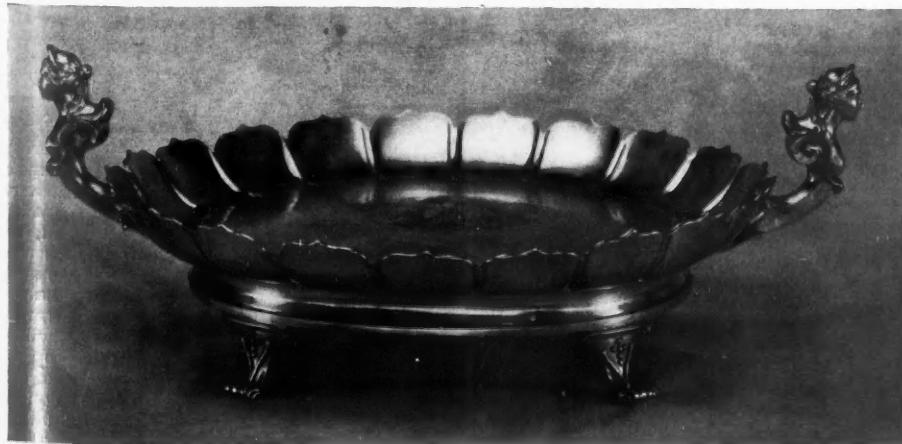
An illuminated manuscript in a gold-jewelled binding, the property of the well-known collector, the late Lord Rothermere, is interesting both from its quality and its rarity. This book of hours, with 16 full-page miniatures and three smaller miniatures, is thrice dated 1532. The superb binding is of gold, with borders and spine of black enamel richly studded with rubies and turquoise and enriched with gold scrolls and foliage. A large red carnelian intaglio (possibly of Paduan workmanship), forms the centre of each cover, the subject of the upper cover representing Christ on the Cross, with St. Francis and St. Jerome kneeling below; that of the lower cover, the Virgin enthroned. The marker is a figure of Christ at the column in carnelian, with a pendant pearl.

In the catalogue of Lord Rothermere's collection it is recorded that the marker "was restored to its legitimate place" by an authority who had obtained it through other sources and recognised its connection with the precious little volume. Its clasp is a large pink tourmaline. The pedigree from its first recorded owner, the great physician Dr. Richard Mead (1673-1754), is uninterrupted. It was bought by Horace Walpole in 1755 and is described in the Strawberry Hill Sale Catalogue (1842). It appears in an exhibition at South Kensington in 1862, and was described and illustrated in Alfred de Rothschild's collection (1884). It was sold in 1925, and is described and reproduced in the catalogue of Lord Rothermere's collection.

Its history before the Mead ownership is, however, a blank. According to the *Museum Meadianum* it was thought to have belonged to the wife of François Ier King of France; and this led Horace Walpole (never very strong on research) to write on one of its fly-leaves that it was executed for the *first* wife of François Ier, Queen Claude, who died in 1524. This ownership is impossible as the date 1532 is three times inscribed in it. It is possible, however, it may have belonged to Queen Eleanor, second wife of François Ier, whom he married in 1530.

Messrs. Sotheby, who are selling the royal book on Thursday, March 26, lay stress on the extreme rarity of gold Renaissance bindings, and are of opinion that only one other specimen has been sold at auction during the present century.

J. DE SERRE,



3.—SUPPER DISH (ONE OF A PAIR) 1717

AWFUL MOMENTS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

LAST week I wrote about the Rev. J. G. McPherson and his book of old golfing memories and I must return to him this time, if only for my opening text, because he gives an account of what I take to be the most dramatic of all "robberies" at golf. We are all painfully familiar with the feeling of having a hole taken, as the saying is, out of our mouth; but in this instance not only the hole but, as it turned out, the match, may be said to have been recovered after being swallowed. This was a foursome over two rounds at St. Andrews for a good big stake: on the one side Allan Robertson and Mr. Erskine Wemyss, on the other old Willie Park and a certain Mr. Hastie, M.P. With two to play in the last round, Park and his partner were one up; Park had put his third on the green and Wemyss had put his fourth on the road. To anyone who knows the course there could hardly be a situation more hopeless than that of Allan, who being one down had to play then two more off that most cruel of roads. The other side might well think that the money was in their pockets, and so might their chief backer, Campbell of Saddell, who on the tee had laid another three to one in five-pound notes upon them.

Allan and his caddie Da' Anderson, walked up and down between the ball and the hole a distance of some 20 yards and then—but let Dr. McPherson tell the story in his own ecstatic words. "His favourite iron he took from Da', who whispered in the champion's ear, 'Ye can doot.' With the imitable balance of golfing genius, he pitched the ball from the hard road up to the top footpath within a hair's breadth of the spot where he and Da' had calculated the pitch would require to be, and the ball trickled down the slope and safely landed in the hole."

The rest of the story is all too easy to guess, for it followed familiar lines. Poor Mr. Hastie, staggered as well he might be by this outrageous shot, probably "went off at half cock with his putt; at any rate, he ran it a yard and a half past the hole. Park with that putt for the half instead of the two for it which he had no doubt expected, was short." The Doctor quotes it with rather malevolent glee—

Seized with surprise, the affrighted hero stands,
And feebly tips the ball with trembling hands,
The creeping ball its want of force complains,
A grassy tuft the loit'ring orb detains.

And worse was to come, for after Allan had hit a good tee shot to the last hole, Park "pressed and slipped and 'burned' his ball." That heroic fluke of Allan's had much to answer for.

My memory has been struggling but struggling in vain to recover something almost as desperate that happened on that very green in a Walker Cup match. Our pair were, I am almost sure, Mr. E. F. Storey and Mr. Brownlow (now Lord Lurgan), and on their side was Mr. Roland Mackenzie. My Golfer's Handbook so far confirms me, in that there was such a match in 1926, that Mr. Gardner was the other American player and that the Americans won by a single hole. I know, or think I know, that the American couple committed some heart-breaking robbery at that hole and a terribly important one, since we only lost the whole match by a single point; but what exactly was it? I give it up. If this should meet Mr. Storey's eye, I have no doubt he could tell me, but perhaps the subject is too painful to revive.

Whatever it was, it was a story that has a thousand forms and will have a thousand more until golf ceases to be played. We all know the successive sensations; first, the placidity, almost amounting to complacency, with which we watch the enemy's efforts, and then the sudden cold at the pit of the stomach as we realise first that he has got the ball out, next that the ball is going to lie dead and last oh! horrors!—that it is going in. Mr. Hilton once said to me that the great thing in these cases was to see the humour of it, and that is an excellent piece of advice, but I am afraid my sense of humour has always been like

Bob Acres's courage; it "comes and goes" and at such a moment it always seems to be absent.

The only ray of comfort when our enemy does one of these things is that it is not our own fault, but that of malignant fate. Sometimes the so-called humorous circumstance is entirely attributable to ourselves, and the event that elicited Mr. Hilton's philosophical remark was that he putted into the bunker at that same seventeenth hole. One of the things that is most stupefying is the laying of ourselves a stymie at a crucial moment. The sight of the ball gently but firmly insinuating itself behind the enemy's is never to be obliterated from the memory. Two such visions come back to me from a now distant past and nothing would induce me to recall them if it had not, in both instances, "come all right in the end." One is from Sandwich, from the semi-final of the Bar Tournament, which I ultimately won. I had miraculously saved the match at the home hole or rather my adversary had allowed me to save it, and now we were at the nineteenth: I had a putt for the hole, but even if I got a half, all would probably be well, for I had no stroke to give him at the twentieth. The one thing to do was not to stymie myself and that was the one

thing I did. It was raining in torrents, nobody was in sight and there was some question whether or not the balls were 6 ins. apart. To get a measure from the club house would have taken 10 minutes or so, during which we should have got wetter and wetter, and I had a shrewd notion that in the end the decision would be against me. So I pitched and I holed and it was all right in the end, but as they say in the novels, the horror of that moment I shall never forget.

The other instance was still more ghastly, for I was in the last eight of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield and had two for the match from a short distance on the seventeenth green. Again I stymied myself; again I pitched and again the ball went in, but they had some patent tins at Muirfield that year, which threw the ball out again. Well, well—I was again forgiven by the Fates and let that suffice. I remember seeing much the same thing befall Mr. Rex Hartley in the English Championship at Ganton in a match against Mr. Eric Fiddian. He had two for the match on the twentieth green and somehow or other his ball curled away to the right and hid itself behind his enemy's, just as mine had done at Muirfield. The Fates treated him less kindly than they had done me, for he lost at the twenty-first hole. As Dr. McPherson very justly remarks, "Successful stymie play is a nicety of the game," but these are not the moments in which one appreciates the reverend gentleman's truisms.

Game Problems of 1942—II

WAR ON VERMIN

By CAPTAIN J. B. DROUGHT

HERE is no incongruity in comparing game preserves with gardens. "One year's seeding, five years' weeding," applies with equal aptitude to both, for neither gardener nor gamekeeper can ever fold his hands and say that his ground is clean. It is a doubtful point whether weeds or vermin make the quicker growth, although one thing is certain; their eradication is a non-stop occupation, and neglect, however temporary, to bear this truth in mind means double work as soon as it unpleasantly obtrudes.

Some people have a vague idea that vermin-hunting can be confined to a campaign in the spring. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Many of our commoner and more hardened criminals are prolific breeders, far more prolific than the game on which they prey. That is why, however energetic in pursuit, we are usually a length or two behind the wariest of our raptors. Most of us are only part-time workers at the best, and it is no use telling anyone that he must shoot and trap all day and every day, here, there and everywhere, when he has neither time nor implements nor opportunity to do one or the other.

But we can all do something. And it seems to me that to make certain suggestions which can be adapted to the varying circumstances of our several environments may be the best method of dealing briefly with a topic upon which volumes have been written.

WHAT IS VERMIN?

First let us define what vermin is. Few of us are expert field naturalists. But we all recognise that human interference should contrive to preserve, not to upset, Nature's balance, and that the virtual extermination of any predatory species merely conduces to a swift increase in a rival pest. One may as well admit that the relative virtues and vices of nearly all raptorial birds constitute a controversial problem, but one may also suggest that many people see them in confused perspective because they largely disregard the question of environment.

The quality of mercy which may be extended to most potential evil-doers turns chiefly on their numbers in any given area. It would be as imbecile to brand all hawks as of the same degree of culpability, as it would be

criminal to shoot a Golden eagle or a stray Hen harrier. But that is not to say that the lessees of expensive grouse moors could regard an influx of Black-backed gulls or peregrines with any greater toleration than could a partridge keeper the visitations of rooks or sparrow-hawks.

There are certain birds for whose redeeming features we look in vain. Cases in point are Carrion crows and hoodie-crows. But, taking a broad view, there are very few raptors whose good deeds on occasion do not entitle them to some measure of respect. Jays are an exception; so are magpies; yet because the former are as aesthetically attractive as the latter are impishly amusing, where their numbers do not preponderate, we often allow sentiment to override common sense. Likewise does the game preserver, who allows a sparrow-hawk no licence, protect the kestrel as a rule, as much in virtue of its beauty as of its uses as an animated mousetrap. Though here again, unless one is a complete altruist, there is only one way to speak to kestrels on or near a rearing field, and that is with a gun.

But, save on grouse moors and possibly on strictly preserved marshlands, peregrines, the harriers, merlins and hobbies are virtually immune. For one thing, not once in a season probably do any come between the lowland keeper and his rest. And none but a fool would ever think of shooting buzzards, which confine their depredations mainly to young rabbits.

NON-STOP MOUSETRAPS

Nor do owls, as we are sometimes invited to believe, ornament the modern keeper's vermin poles. He knows very well that, while the Long- and Short-eared and the Tawny owls occasionally commit an indiscretion, the Barn owl is above suspicion and that, as non-stop mousetraps, all are beneficial to the land. And, if for no better reason than that he knows, too, that the success of his seasonal arrangements depends quite largely on the goodwill of the farmers, he does not wantonly destroy the latter's "friends." Whether or not rooks still qualify for that epithet will always be a controversial question. My space is too limited to thrash it out, but, unless I must disregard the ocular evidence of many years, I class them (where their numbers preponderate) with little

owls as dangerous criminals in respect of eggs and chicks.

To my mind, then, blacklisting is a matter of environment. But whatever one's surroundings, it will probably be generally agreed that on crows and sparrow-hawks at least we need waste no sentiment, and to them we may add stoats, weasels, grey squirrels and the pestilential rat. Such, in fact, make up the species most common to and qualifying for the high jump on every shoot.

The question is, how best can the lone worker tackle them. Chiefly by noting carefully the tracks of furred, and the nests of feathered vermin and by trapping the former and shooting the latter down. As I have said before, you cannot trap efficiently large tracts of country, nor is strolling round vaguely on the off-chance of a shot the slightest use. But if you set tunnel traps in the vicinity of your nesting game, at the intersections of two or more hedgerows and alongside obvious vermin tracks, you will do a lot more execution than by haphazard methods.

Similarly, hides (which need not be elaborate, merely sufficient for cover from view) erected in clearings in a wood or other spots to which hawks, crows, etc., seem to be addicted,

will afford you much more and closer shooting than you will get otherwise. An ounce of lead into a nest when the hen is getting down to business may save you as many cartridges as partridges a little later on.

IMPRATICABLE TRAPS

One could write at length of egg decoys and dummy nests, crow-traps and other methods of vermin discomfiture. But these demand so much attention to petty detail, involving a deal of time and trouble, that they are scarcely practicable upon unkept shoots. I can more usefully offer a few brief hints on baiting and setting tunnel traps as being the most efficacious for ground vermin.

Remember first that your prospective victims are inquisitiveness personified, which is why traps are more effective the further in a bend or angle they are set. But they must be well concealed. Tunnels must be sodded over to harmonise with the surroundings; gins must be sunk slightly below ground level, and the jaws and plate plentifully sprinkled with earth laid in with a trowel and not by hand, for no creatures are quicker to spot human scent than the weasel tribes. Traps should always be well oiled and regularly visited, and may not, by the

same Act which illegalised the pole traps, be set "on any tree or cairn of stones or earth."

Incidentally, a Ministry of Agriculture regulation permits "owners, occupiers and trappers to set traps above ground provided they are visited twice daily."

Rabbit flesh is usually the most convenient bait, and, incidentally, a good way of attracting stoats is to smear a trap with the carcass of a relative and then rig it up in a natural position in a hedgerow just above the trap. Possibly they think the creature is caught up in a sticky bramble or awaiting a succulent meal. The fact remains that often enough a young colony will come out to have a look and several in succession pay the penalty of curiosity.

Needless to say, any and every means of totalitarian warfare should be employed on rats. Tunnel traps will catch a few, and ferreting in obvious places may be effective. Wherever it can be used without endangering other creatures, poison should be laid, but the most effective method of wholesale slaughter probably is gas. If you can locate a colony of rats, block all the holes but one, and into that insert a hose-pipe from the exhaust of a car; there will be no survivors. At least, those which struggle out of any bolt-hole overlooked will not take much killing.

CORRESPONDENCE

SEAL COMES ABOVE CHISWICK EYOT

SIR.—On February 13 Mr. M. H. Hamilton wrote to *The Times* saying he had seen a seal lying on Chiswick Eyot.

At 3.20 p.m. on Sunday, March 1, just as the ebb was starting, my wife called my attention to what she thought at first was a dog swimming very slowly across the tide, in the river opposite the east end of Strand-on-the-Green, which is about 2 miles upstream from Chiswick Eyot. As it swam closer we could see it was a common seal. The river was deserted just at that time, and no one was about on shore. By remaining still, we were able to watch it dive and reappear three times until a police boat came along, after which we saw it no more. On March 2 it appeared again in the same place at the same state of the tide, viz., 4.15 p.m.

The seal was seen by me and others off the east end of Strand-on-the-Green at 6.0 p.m. on Saturday, March 7. It rose with a fish in its mouth of about 1½ lb.

It is almost certain that this is the same seal which Mr. Hamilton

saw over a fortnight before. It was probably the cold weather and partly the small use by shipping of London River in war-time that resulted in this seal having ventured so high up the river.

While I have seen evidence of pollution from time to time, it would appear that there is a reasonable stock of dace and other fish in the reaches of the river between Putney and Richmond, where a seal can lie out on Chiswick Eyot, the P.L.A. island off Strand-on-the-Green, the island between Brentford Gasworks and Kew Gardens, or on the grounds of Sion House, in comparative isolation.—CUTHBERT GRASEMANN, 72, Grove Park Road, Chiswick, W.4.

MILLSTONES

SIR.—The advantages of wholemeal bread in war-time diet have been from time to time pointed out to the public. This picture was taken at a well-known factory in the West of England where millstones, such as are used for the grinding of wheat meal, are made. Millstones are shipped in large quantities to many parts of the British Empire.—MILLER, London, E.C.

WILTSHIRE WORDS

SIR.—Your correspondent "A," of Weekes, Winchester, makes an enquiry regarding three words used specially in Wiltshire. I was born and brought up near Andover and near the Wiltshire border and while my son was at school at Marlborough used to frequent Wiltshire quite a lot. The only one of the words that I have ever heard was "shrammed," indicating frozen or cold.

I wonder whether your correspondent has ever heard in Hampshire or Wiltshire the word "swealed," that is, burnt, used frequently and generally in connection with the over-heating of clothes when being aired in front of a big fire?—W. R. PONTING, Oxford Street, W.1.

[*Sweal* is one of many good Old English words, once in general currency, which survive now only in dialect form. It is still used in certain parts of the north as well as in the counties our correspondent mentions.—ED.]

SIR.—A correspondent in your issue of February 13 enquires as to the Wiltshire words "plocks, shrammed and burn-brakes."

Plock is the Gaelic for a turf or peat and is, I believe, still used. At least both uses have in common the idea of something to burn.

Shrammed is fairly common (though not very) in Devon, meaning there also cold or shivering.

Burn-brake I have heard in Somerset, but that is a near neighbour to Wiltshire.—B. N. H. ORPHOOT, Wellhouse, Murray Road, Edinburgh.

THE CRISPIN INN

SIR.—You may be interested in this account of the Crispin Inn, Ashover.

"This House probably dates from the Year 1416 when THOMAS BABINGTON of DETHICK and several men of ASHER returned from the BATTLE of AGINCOURT, which was fought on ST. CRISPIN'S DAY. . . .

"In 1646 JOE WALL, the landlord of this INN withstood the King's Troops in the doorway and told them that they should have no more drink in his house as they had had too much already. But they turned him out and set watch at the door till all the ale was drunk or wasted. . . .

"The above incident occurred during the period when the Troops of KING CHARLES I were opposing OLIVER CROMWELL'S ARMY."

That is the wording of the notice-board shown in my photograph.—H. SMITH, Highfield, Belper, Derbyshire.

THE SPEED OF BIRDS

SIR.—Sir Maurice Denny, in your issue of February 27, denies that swifts can fly at 200 m.p.h., and rightly points out that it is very difficult to time such speeds, even when two observers are employed.

I rather gather from the tone of Sir Maurice's letters on this subject that he considers no bird is capable of such speeds as 200 m.p.h. in level flight. From my own study of the literature of bird flight and speed, I agree that there are extremely few records of such speeds, but I am not prepared to deny that some birds, on



AN ANCIENT INN WITH AN INTERESTING HISTORY

(See letter "The Crispin Inn")

occasion, can reach or even surpass 200 m.p.h. in level flight.

Last year I had occasion to write to Commander J. E. Capstickdale, R.A.N.R., concerning a remarkable observation he had made on Frigate birds. The letter he sent me in reply is too long to quote in detail, but the substance of it is as follows.

Commander Capstickdale observed a flight of Frigate birds pass over his schooner. The birds were flying towards an island. The time by chronometer reading was observed. Later, Commander Capstickdale compared notes with a man on the island, who also had observed the same flight of Frigate birds and had also taken the time by a ship's chronometer. In his letter Commander Capstickdale gives details of the checks which were made and of the allowance for windage. The resulting speed, in level flight, worked out at 261.4 statute miles an hour.

Commander Capstickdale says: "I may add that I have always been interested in birds' flight speeds, and have seen the American duck-hawk (Peregrine falcon F.W.L.) put up some enormous speeds, but I may say without the slightest hesitation that always I have been able to distinguish the speck in the sky as a bird, whereas when the Frigate dives to his prey,



THE MOULD IN WHICH MILLSTONES ARE MADE
(See letter "Millstones")



THE WARDEN AT WORK
(See letter "Dog Warden")

fish or baby turtles, it ceases to be even a speck and becomes nothing more than a very slight blur visible only to keen and trained eyes." (It may be remembered that I mentioned in my article on this subject that a duck-hawk has been known to pass an aeroplane travelling at 180 m.p.h.)

I should like to quote the following incident in confirmation of the amazing speed of a diving eagle, so vividly reported by Mr. Seton Gordon. The quotation is from Priest's *Birds of S. Rhodesia*: "The pace with which these birds (Bateleur eagle) can reach the ground from aloft is perfectly amazing; I saw one stoop once from a height of about 800 ft.; it went like a falling star at an angle of 45 deg. towards the earth and arrived there before I could realise that it was no longer in the heavens." And I would point out that the human tendency in timing is to imagine that time passes more quickly than it actually does. Tests have shown that the average individual, when asked to say when a minute has elapsed, stops at about 35 seconds.

Sir Maurice has stressed that working on the basis of a body falling in a vacuum it is impossible for a Golder eagle to reach a speed of 570 m.p.h. in a free fall, in the distance given by Mr. Seton Gordon, viz., 5,000 ft. But with all respect to Sir Maurice and without questioning the mathematical formula he has used, I would ask whether there may not be factors in Nature which create conditions to which the "vacuum formula" is not applicable. It is true, as Sir Maurice has pointed out, that wind friction retards speeds, but birds also get help from the wind. And I consider it by no means impossible that freak winds might create a condition to which the "vacuum formula" would not be applicable. (To the interested reader who would like to know just how freakish wind can be, I commend an article in the American *Popular Mechanics Magazine* for May, 1938.) Maybe the Golden eagles which Mr. Seton Gordon observed had the benefit of such freak winds!

Professor Tait once worked out by mathematics the maximum distance to which a golf ball could be driven. When the information was imparted to the professor's son, he promptly went out on to the links, teed a ball and drove it considerably farther than was mathematically "possible"!

Without wishing for a moment to question the value of mathematics as applied to problems in Nature, I do suggest that there may be factors in Nature which sometimes render the application of tried formulas inadmissible in certain cases and conditions.—FRANK W. LANE, Chipperfield, Evelyn Avenue, Ruislip, Middlesex.

DOG WARDEN

SIR.—Many stories have been told showing the reaction of animals to war danger, but I wonder if any readers can tell of better work of this sort by an untrained dog than that

done by the dog in this photograph. He is a two-year-old Samoyed without any kind of training.

Whenever the siren wails, the dog darts from room to room in the house to see that everyone is indoors. If there are any absentees, he will immediately run into the garden and, as can be seen in the photograph, drag them inside to cover by pulling an arm.

When all are in, the dog is satisfied for the time being. He then takes up his position by a window, where he sits quite still—waiting, watching and listening. On the first sound of bombs or of low-flying aircraft, he jumps up again and sees that

everyone goes to greater safety.

He is upstairs in a flash, driving everyone down, and no one is allowed to be near a window.

As soon as the "Raiders Passed" is sounded, he is perfectly content once more, and every one is allowed to move freely again.—NORMAN WYMER, Worthing.

JAMES SQUIRREL

SIR.—Herewith the latest portrait of James, my new young red squirrel, in the glory of his winter fur, with a tail like an umbrella and ear tufts an inch in length. Jimmy, a victim of Hitler (the tree in which his mother had made a nursery drey for

her family was felled for timber for the nation's war effort) came to me last August as a pathetic waif, but he quickly established himself as monarch of my workroom there to reign as a beloved nuisance. My ambition is to provide him with a wife, if only I can find him a nice young lady.—FRANCES PITT, Shropshire.

A PICTURE TO BE IDENTIFIED

SIR.—Your readers may be interested to see the accompanying photograph of the picture in my possession to which I referred in a letter published in COUNTRY LIFE, January 16, as being a portrait of Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I, painted by Lely and signed with his real name—Peter van der Faes.—SOMERSET DE CHAIR, House of Commons.

[We have submitted the photograph to our art critic who writes as follows:—In your issue of January 16, Mr. Somerset de Chair suggested that the picture sent for identification by Sir John Prestige and published with his letter on January 2, might represent Princess Mary, daughter of Charles I and her fiancé, William of Orange, and that it might have been painted by Lely, who first came to England with the Prince of Orange in 1641. Mr. de Chair now sends a



JAMES IN HIS GLORY

(See letter "James Squirrel")

photograph of his own portrait of Princess Mary which must have been painted on the occasion of the betrothal and bears the unusual signature "Peter van der Faes, 1641." This was Lely's real name, but soon after he came to England he assumed the name Lely and usually signed his pictures with the monogram P. So far none of the pictures he painted in Holland before coming to England has been identified. The portrait of Princess Mary is therefore an important link in the reconstruction of his early work. It is almost identical with the figure of the Princess in the portrait of the young couple in the Ryks Museum, Amsterdam, which used to be attributed to Van Dyck, but may possibly be the picture Lely is known to have painted at the time of the betrothal. A photograph of the Ryks Museum picture is at present on view in the Van Dyck Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Single portraits of the two royal children attributed to Lely are in the collection of the Earl of Crawford at Haigh Hall. There can be no doubt as to the subjects of all these pictures. But the identification of Sir John Prestige's picture is more uncertain. The dates given on the picture do not correspond to the ages of the children. Princess Mary was 10 and the Prince of Orange was 15 at the time of the betrothal and if the date 1647 is correct they must have been six years older, whereas in the picture their ages are given as 7 and 10 respectively. Some other solution must be found for the subject of the picture; meanwhile, it would be extremely interesting if the signature could be read and the authorship established. The reason why Lely changed his name has never been discovered, though it has been suggested that the lily was a shop sign used by his father at the Hague and may have been a nickname by which he was known; it appears that no other work signed van der Faes has yet come to light. The publication of the charming portrait of Princess Mary may throw further light on the problem.—ED.]

MILESTONES IN MAN

SIR.—I have read with interest the article on the milestones of England, published in your September 26 issue, which has only recently reached us here. It may be of interest to your readers to know that a similar survey of the older milestones of the Isle of Man was carried out during October of 1940, with the full co-operation of the Manx Museum. The island can claim no extant examples of prehistoric or Roman waymarks although there exist many excellent milestones of a "local" character which well illustrate their own antiquity. Of the complete sets of stones which are (or rather were) in position between the main towns of the island, it has been found that the sandstone which marked the main highway between Douglas and Ramsey were set up towards the end of the eighteenth century during the time



PRINCESS MARY, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I. PAINTED BY LELY AND SIGNED "PETER VAN DER FAES"
(See letter "A Picture to be Identified")



THE WOODEN BELL IN ITS PRESENT SETTING

(See letter "A Dummy Bell")

of Napoleon's threatened invasion! Surely a strange reflection for us to-day, when our milestones must be removed as a necessary defensive measure. The highway authorities of the island have made every effort to avoid damage to these stones in the past by preserving them *in situ* where possible in new hedges or walls along the high roads, and this has contributed largely to the excellence of their condition to-day. At the outbreak of war all the legible examples were removed and the stones have been stored locally for the duration. It is to be hoped that when these troubled days are over, local authorities may be able to replace the best of these milestones on their original sites, where they could again add a delightful dignity to the high roads of Britain.—PETER CLAGUE, 2/Lieut., Royal Artillery, Ahmednagar, India.

TWO HISTORICAL NOTTINGHAMSHIRE WATER-MILLS

SIR.—You may like to publish the enclosed photographs of two interesting old mills in Nottinghamshire.

Castle Mill, near Linby, re-built in the eighteenth century, stands on the site of one mentioned in *Domesday Book*. Corn was ground here for the monks of Newstead Abbey, and until recently the mill boasted one of the largest wheels in England, nearly 100ft. round. Here in 1785 James Watt set up his first engine for a cotton-mill.

Together with this mill, another between Gonalston and Lowdham is infamous by reason of the child labour in use about 1800. Here it is thought Robert Blincoe came as one of about 80 waifs from St. Pancras Workhouse. He was seven years old when he arrived, and so cruel was the treatment here, he was crippled and deformed. The churchyards in the locality show the fate of many such children. Robert

Blincoe's *Memoirs* tell of this black period of English history.—F. RODGERS, Derby.

A DUMMY BELL

SIR.—In view of the interest shown in your columns on the question of church bells I thought your readers might like to see a photograph of the curious solid wooden bell painted to resemble metal, which once hung in the turret of the twelfth-century chapel of the hospital of St. Mary Magdalene, Stammergate, Ripon. This is a chapel founded for the assistance of lepers. The bell now stands on the low sill of the window through which the lepers received the sacrament.

Perhaps one of your readers could throw some light on the question of why a dummy bell should have been used in this manner.—F. W. FRENCH, Arborfield, near Reading.

A NEVER-FAILING FARM TROUGH

SIR.—At Yedingham, on the Derwent River in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is to be seen an ingenious device, shown in the enclosed photograph, for keeping a farm trough filled from the river. The paddles are turned by the current and a cup is attached

your correspondent calls, the "gloomy oils from the dining-room."

To all picture-lovers it would seem little short of a tragedy, if owing to the modern craze for blank walls some interesting or even valuable oil paintings were sacrificed for the mere price of the old gilt frames. But what might be specially disastrous would be the possible loss of old family portraits, through ignorance or lack of interest.

Sometimes these valuable possessions are sold to dealers in "junk" for next to nothing, or allowed to rot in the attics, and future generations will be the poorer.—R. BATHURST RAVENSCROFT, Rector of Calverton, Buckinghamshire.

A CARVING AT STEVINGTON CHURCH

SIR.—My photograph is of a curious carving on a bench-end in Stevington Church, Bedfordshire, and as it is so unusual I feel sure it will interest your readers.

It is the work of a craftsman of the fifteenth century and represents a figure seated at a reading desk, but it has been suggested that, at first glance, it resembles a taxi-driver in his vehicle with both his hands on the wheel.



THE TAXI-DRIVER IN STEVINGTON CHURCH

(See letter "A Carving at Stevington Church")

A pair nests near Churston Ferrers, another near Bovey Tracey, where I not long ago watched the hen bird perched in an oak tree not 30 yards from where I was fishing. There are buzzards at Higher Ashton, up the Teign Valley, and another pair on a hill-top not far from Stokeinteignhead.

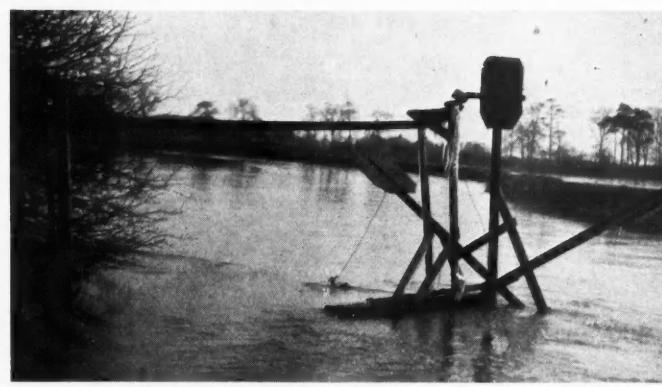
Three years ago I saw three in the air together over the wild country near the head waters of the Towy and, a little later, two more.

Bonhote in *Birds of Britain* (1907) writes that the buzzard was then "no longer extant as a breeding species in these islands except in the wilder parts of Scotland and Wales." It is pleasant indeed to realise the change to-day.—T. C. BRIDGES, Torquay.

[The increase and spread of the buzzard during recent years has been noted with satisfaction by naturalists in many parts of Great Britain. As this fine species is of blameless habits it is to be hoped its increase will continue.—Ed.]

LINCOLN AND HINGHAM

SIR.—I recently had occasion to cycle across Suffolk into Norfolk, which has left me an abiding memory of pleasure and interest in these two historic counties, home of most of the artists of England, pictorial, domestic, ecclesiastical. Among other things I was frankly astonished at the number of famous names which I encountered *en route*, mainly recorded in the churches. I noticed in passing one village churchyard the name of Lincoln on the headstones, which set me speculating. I was in no way surprised, therefore, on reaching Hingham, Norfolk, to find a bust to the memory of Abraham in the extremely fine church there. He came of a family from there and the fact is commemorated by stones which have been exchanged between Hingham, Norfolk, and Hingham, U.S.A.—ALLAN JOBSON, Crown Dale, S.E.19.



AN INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCE WHICH KEEPS A TROUGH FILLED AUTOMATICALLY

(See letter "A Never-Failing Farm Trough")

to one of them. It comes up filled with water and at the top of its circuit is tipped by contact with an erected wooden gutter into which the water is thereby emptied and by which the water flows into the trough.—H. LEFEVRE, Bradford.

THE UNWANTED PICTURE

SIR.—I have read with interest the letter on The Unwanted Picture, in COUNTRY LIFE, January 30. I cannot help feeling, however, that a word of warning is needed as regards what

In beautiful preservation, this carving certainly is a remarkable piece of work.—J. D. R., Darlington.

THE BUZZARD COMES BACK

SIR.—Sometime ago, playing golf at Stover, I saw a buzzard soaring in circles overhead. Forty years ago, when I first lived in Devon, this bird was rare. I knew of only one nesting place, in crags about a mile from Dartmeet. To-day the buzzard is almost common.



THE MILL WHERE ROBERT BLINCOE WORKED AS A CHILD

(See letter "Two Historical Nottinghamshire Water-Mills")



CASTLE MILL NEAR LINBY, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

AT THE CROSS-ROADS

SIR.—With reference to two letters in your issue of February 6: As to M.W.'s interesting note on Betty's Grave, I am informed that this is the grave of a village girl who committed suicide by poisoning. Can any local reader let us know which is the correct version?

Also with reference to Miss E. K. Lewis's remark regarding "a Dr. James Bradley," for whom there is a brass at Minchinhampton, may I add that this commemorates one of the



A STILE TO SUIT HUMAN DIMENSIONS

(See letter "An Uncommon Stile")

great men of science, for it was Dr. Bradley who founded modern observational astronomy, invaluable in seafaring.—R. T. LANG, Rothbury, Northumberland.

AN UNCOMMON STILE

SIR.—Our forefathers were very particular about their cattle straying on to the grounds of a neighbour. So much so that they made their stiles to measure for human beings only, as the one in my picture. The bottom hole allows passage of the foot, the next section the leg up to the knee, while the higher part corresponds to the thicker portion of the leg and the body generally. These dimensions hardly correspond with any farm animals, so there would be no possibility of their passing through, as is often the case with modern stiles.—R. RAWLINSON, Rock Bank, Whaley Bridge, near Stockport.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

SIR.—I have a few extracts from letters from my husband, Major Rodney Gee, M.C., T.D., about Christmas and the New Year at Oflag VI B, which I thought might be of interest to others who have not yet had details. My husband has now left with 200 others for Oflag IX, which should leave sadly needed space for those who remain at the other camp.

"December 18.—Carol singers (officers) to-night with lantern, and collection for needy prisoner-of-war soldiers.

December 23.—Busy with Christmas arrangements. Lovely

carol service last Sunday night, lessons and carols. Special Christmas parade not yet through, but have good food and am arranging meal for orderlies. Panto starts on Boxing Day. There is a full programme for week of all kinds of games, etc. Just made cake with no flour! . . .

December 28.—We have 8 ins. snow and a lovely Swiss sun to-day, and everything looks so good. We had a very gay Christmas. I went for a bit to an overcrowded early service in the dark, had parade, and then a huge English breakfast of porridge, bacon and sausage and coffee. Then life was hectic with the orderlies' dinner. Two sittings crowded, 25 officers waiting at each, and speeches and a band and all went off well. I was tired out by 2.30 when it was over! I then paid calls on other rooms, had a light tea and a huge and lovely dinner at 7.30. Everyone was cheerful and kept open house, and many rooms were decorated.

January 4.—On New Year's Eve we had lights till 1 a.m. and visited old friends and drank lemonade and sang *Lang Syne* and had sardines on toast and cocoa at 12.30 on return. . . .

January 9.—Am now due to move next Thursday back to IX A with senior officers only. . . . Lovely frost and moon. . . .—NANCY N. GER. *Cloverley, Cheshire*.

A CLIMBING DOG

SIR.—Perhaps the owner of the tree-climbing spaniel shown in your issue of January 16 would be interested in this photograph of our red spaniel



ON HER WAY TO THE LOFT

(See letter "A Climbing Dog")

climbing a ladder in order to gain access to the hay loft, there to drive the stable cat and hunt for mice herself. She performed this trick quite unaided and untaught when she discovered I was up in the loft one day. I also saw a border terrier in Northumberland many years ago climb up a fir tree after a rat which had taken what it considered to be a safe refuge from the unwelcome attentions of the little dog.—YSEULT COCHRANE, Co. Donegal.

THE ESTATE MARKET

REPAIRS AND RE-LETTING

WO of the perhaps minor troubles of house-owners in town and country at the present time are (1) the severe limitation of the amount that may be spent on any kind of building work, and (2) the difficulty of ascertaining what may be beyond dispute an equitable sum to charge in the event of granting a tenancy of furnished or unfurnished accommodation.

While cases come to light, from week to week, of apparently substantial infringements of the Order regulating expenditure on building work, it is a fact, known to most agents and many owners, that the prohibition of outlay on repairs and redecoration is operating with particular hardship upon a good many persons. A common example is where, after a long period of standing unoccupied, a house happens at last to be fancied by a proposing tenant. He is willing to take it, but points out that the premises through disuse for a year or two, and here and there also through the ravages of burst pipes, require repair and redecoration. Making no bones about getting the work done, the owner instructs his agent to obtain estimates from reliable builders, and, if he has not had war-time experience, he may think that all he has to do is to wait for word from the agent that the job is finished, and pay the bill. But the amount of work, which would gladly have been done, if possible, for half the price quoted, far exceeds the limit of £100. Argument or persuasion is useless. The builder can justify his estimate by reference to the doubled or trebled cost of materials, the impossibility indeed of getting some of the material at all (say, for repairs of metalwork and so forth), and the increased wages that have to be paid. If he is very communicative, and wishful to please an old customer, the builder may add some observations about the burdensome nature of a mysterious factor that he refers to as "overheads." At the best, then, the extent of the work is confined to something within the statutory £100, and at the worst, the delay, through the discussion, has tired out the would-be tenant and the house remains empty.

RENTAL OF COUNTRY ACCOMMODATION

WITH regard to the second problem—the difficulty of fixing a fair rent for furnished accommodation—instances have come to our knowledge, though not into court, wherein absolutely well-meaning, fair-minded people, having had a house or cottage available, have selected, from quite a lot of applicants, one who expressed himself as eager to take it at the rent quoted. Some of these

"landlords," actually only sub-letting superfluous accommodation, have acted exceedingly well by the tenant, providing first-rate furniture and equipment. Later, and often within a very short time of entry into the premises, the tenant has raised the stereotyped objection that the rent was "exorbitant." The actual fact may be merely that he has found it very difficult to bear the cost of living in some spot remote from his place of business. Proceedings in the courts raise, as a rule, many issues of fact, which need not be raised at all if some authoritative direction were laid down as to, say, the percentage which might properly be chargeable on the value of furniture, and it would seem not to be a very forbidding task to lay down a rough rule as to the basis of rental allowable for the decent and comfortable tenancy of ordinary houses or cottages, by persons who are anxious to get a roof over their heads in any reasonably "safe" area. On the face of it no very convincing argument seems possible against the landlord of a house selecting the best tenant he can find out of perhaps a dozen eager applicants, and taking the best rent that happens to be offered by any of the applicants.

If a practical means can be devised for reducing the number of cases in which allegations of "exorbitancy" are raised, it will be welcome news, and an ideal test, if it could be found, would automatically end the real examples of the "exorbitant."

BIAS AGAINST LANDLORDS

IT seems a fair and obvious comment on this subject, as in so many other matters of tenure, that the scales are weighted in favour of tenants against the equitable interests of owners. If tenants are to be allowed to raise objections about the amount of rent or other stipulations, why should not an equal power be given to owners to have conditions reviewed? Arrangements entered into by parties, who presumably act with their eyes open, ought not, in fairness, to be liable to be reviewed and upset capriciously at the instance of only one of the parties to a contract. But the trend of legislation in recent years has been very much the other way, and the recent tendency in regard to some of the furnished lettings has carried with it a suggestion almost of moral turpitude and wrong-doing on the part of honest people who have done no more than get the best terms they could for what belongs to them. Nowadays the owner of house property has heavy burdens of rates and taxes to carry, as well as being responsible for repairs, the most trifling of which cost thrice what they did

before 1940. Landlords are as a class as honourable as any other section of the community, and observation of a vast number of examples warrants the assertion that they compare very favourably indeed with tenants in their desire to "play the game."

MARSH COURT, STOCKBRIDGE

MARSH COURT, Stockbridge, has, Messrs. Gribble, Booth and Shepherd inform us, been sold as a whole to Mr. C. S. Hunt, tenant of Hooper's Farm, and an auction, therefore, like so many others in all parts of the country, proves to be unnecessary.

Recent Scottish sales include that by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele, of Kildalloig, a house of modern construction, and about 1,000 acres, together with Davaar Island, in the Mull of Kintyre.

Sales effected in the Lichfield district include Moxhull Old Hall and farms and other property, in all just over 220 acres, in the parish of Wishaw, four miles from Sutton Coldfield.

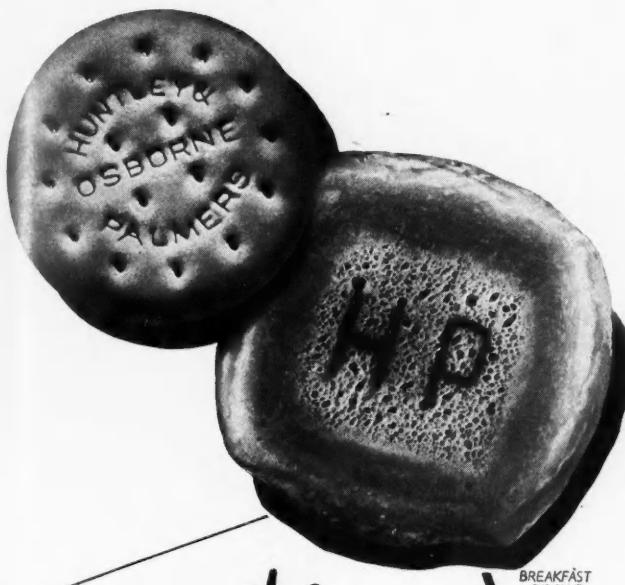
A keen enquiry for farms is reported by a number of West Country agents, and among transactions notified to us is that of the sales, in which Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff were jointly concerned, of a large area of agricultural land in the vicinity of Crewkerne.

PROPERTIES NEAR THE COAST

REFERRING to what are commonly called the Defence Areas, along the coastline, a leading land agent informs us that his experience proves that farms there situated, especially those near any large centre of population, are maintaining their value to an extent that is in marked contrast to purely residential property. The latter type of freehold is, and has for many months been, most difficult to deal with, and there are as yet no signs of the approach of an improved tendency. He adds that the depreciation and decrease in buying or letting interest is especially evident in the case of property in proximity to any of the innumerable aerodromes.

Following the recent auction of the contents of The Cottage, Slaugham Common, the country home of the late Mrs. A. P. H. Mond, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will offer the contents of her Town residence, No. 22, Hyde Park Square, in the premises, on March 23 and three following days. The sale includes Queen Anne card tables, Georgian dining tables, paintings by Monamy, Beauvais, Kneller and Sims; and silver, including a Queen Anne porringer and some Paul Storr pieces, as well as wine and the furnishings of a dozen or more bedrooms.

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NEW FOREST RECLAMATION

By H. C. LONG

HERE has lately been a good deal of misinformed—indeed, incorrect—publicity concerning a very promising attempt at reclamation of open spaces, “lawns,” or open forest within the common lands of the New Forest. In order to give readers of COUNTRY LIFE a more faithful version of what is being done, I have just paid a visit to the neighbourhood of Brockenhurst to see the work and learn something about it.

In the first place, there is the complaint that ponies and cattle enter gardens and do great damage to crops. The local answer is that people leave gates open or have bad fencing, while the New Forest law, if not unique, is directly opposite to the normal. A farmer must fence against the stock of others rather than prevent his own stock from trespassing and doing injury.

As I understand it, of some 40,000 to 44,000 acres of Crown land “open forest,” probably 18,000 to 20,000 acres could be “improved,” without in any way impairing any reasonable claims of those who, like myself, are really and deeply interested in natural history. It is fairly certain that legitimate claims put forward about some specific area will be wholeheartedly considered. I suggest, however, that the proposed reclamation work will not injure natural history or public amenities, but may make the areas more attractive, more valuable to the nation, pleasanter interludes among the true forest land.

Let it be said at once, however, that the scheme is at present really concerned with only about 1,000 acres. The lawns are former open spaces over which great numbers of New Forest dwellers have long possessed grazing rights for their stock—mainly cattle and ponies. These lawns have steadily deteriorated for some decades, have become overgrown with bracken, heather, scrub and trees, until the common grazing is vastly reduced in value. The soil surface is commonly very hummocky, and it is on the hummocks that the undesirable growth usually appears first. It is high time the areas were improved.

The deterioration has clearly been largely concerned with the reduction in the stock kept by the commoners. It has been estimated that the grazing stock on these lands were formerly of the order of 4,000 cattle, several thousand ponies, and before 1887 (on the authority of a Royal Commission) 30,000 to 40,000 deer. The figures are now put at 2,000 cattle, 1,200 ponies and, perhaps, 1,500 deer. The reduction in deer should enable the common graziers to keep some 10,000 more cattle—to say nothing of bringing the former cattle and ponies up to earlier



CATTLE GRAZING ON A NEW FOREST “LAWN” LAST MONTH
Invasion by scrub of various kinds is obvious

numbers, provided the lawns are improved.

There are probably, under other ownership and jurisdiction, 12,000 acres of land, similar to the open forest, that could also be improved.

For the improvement of the experimental (and, let us hope, only the first) 1,000 acres, the Ministry of Agriculture has made a grant of £5,000. The nine plots under treatment vary in size from 50 to 200 acres, and by the side of public roads are being left untreated belts a chain wide. Generally, the work is being done far back from roads, and it is probable that in a year or two all interested persons, other than cranks, will be glad that the improvement or reclamation was put in hand. The local commoners appear to be quite happy about it, and doubtless foresee much better prospects.

Treatment consists in pushing or pulling out young trees and scrub that have invaded the lawns, tilthing as shallowly as possible (3 ins. to 5 ins.), mainly with discing implements used with crawler tractors, burning rubbish where necessary, exposing to frost, levelling and harrowing and re-sowing with grass seeds.

The acidity varies widely but declines quite considerably within a short period of tillage. Liming will be done as determined by the lime test after tillage work.

Soils and subsoils vary widely on the different areas, and the seeding will be a light one to suit these variations. Incidentally, the existing grasses, often hidden or nearly suppressed by

invasion of bracken, heather and scrub, are mainly *Agrostis setacea* and *Molinia caerulea*.

The possibilities of improvement seem to be indicated quite clearly by broad patches at the roadsides, these strips having been improved by lime from the roads and the closer grazing and manuring this has brought about.

It ought to be added that there are in the area concerned between 1,000 and 2,000 holdings not exceeding 50 acres. In 1939 there appear to have been over 1,400 holdings from 1 to 50 acres, but there are also holdings under 1 acre (and hence not included in the Agricultural Returns) on which cattle are kept, with the aid of the forest grazing rights and casual cutting of grass from private orchards and paddocks. Many are part-time holdings, the men working elsewhere and the family helping extensively.

It seems to the writer to be in the national interest that all holdings of this type should be preserved. The men know the New Forest, know how to manage, are sturdy and independent in character, thrifty and farseeing. It is certain that a lot of them are doing well and look forward to stepping up and taking to farming on the large scale. For the most part, however, they are little used to arable farming, but are raisers of stock, and anything that will enable them to rear more calves will help them considerably and in particular make for a welcome increase in dairy cows.



A “LAWN” HEATHER-COVERED FOR YEARS
BEING DISCED

It was afterwards allowed to lie in the rough for breaking down by weathering



TREES, IN ADDITION TO BRACKEN AND HEATHER, HAVE
INVADED MANY AREAS

Use of a crawler tractor to remove a young tree before discing and other treatment

FARMING NOTES

LATE SPRING HOLDS UP PLOUGHING

ANOTHER late spring has thwarted the best intentions. Many farmers have had their plans all set for the past six weeks but, with the ground frost-bound, tractors and horses were kept off the land except for such jobs as dung carting. Fortunately, the ploughing of grass land was well ahead before Christmas and the frost should have done a power of good. We shall see when it comes to making a tilth. One would like to think that the prolonged hard weather has deminated the wireworm, but they probably have tough enough skins to withstand many degrees of frost. With the ground so hard they were saved from the rooks that will dig them out of the furrows when they get the chance.

ILWAYS like to see the rooks on the plough ground even if they do take a toll of the seed corn when it is newly sown and just coming through. Instead of foraging for wireworm, the rooks have been much too busy on the ricks. I have noticed many that have been pulled about badly. All that can be done is to shoot two or three when there is a chance and hang them up as a grisly warning to the others. Some farmers have, I see, been stringing a network of binder twine over the tops of the ricks and this may deter the rooks for a time. The solution to the problem is, of course, to get the ricks threshed.

* * *

ALTHOUGH all this dry weather through January and February allowed the machines to keep on almost without a break, there is still a lot of threshing to be done. In some districts it is already quite obvious that the farmers will not be able to get all their wheat out by the end of March. After this month the fixed price for wheat is supposed to drop again, but I hope that will have been changed

before these words appear in print. It would be unfair to penalise the farmer who has been unfortunate enough not to get his turn with the threshing machine. All of us would like to get this job well finished before April, when there is so much urgent work to be done on the land.

* * *

THE ewes have come through the winter well. My neighbour has started lambing and his shepherd could show me a good fall of twins, looking extra strong. Dry weather always suits the sheep, even if the wind is shredd. But I am glad we put off lambing until April. The grass fields are bare of any fresh growth, and it will need at least another fortnight of growing weather to provide the ewes with the fresh herbage they need to give the lambs a good start without too much hand feeding, which we can ill-afford this time. With hay and kale before lambing and mangolds afterwards, they should manage well enough.

* * *

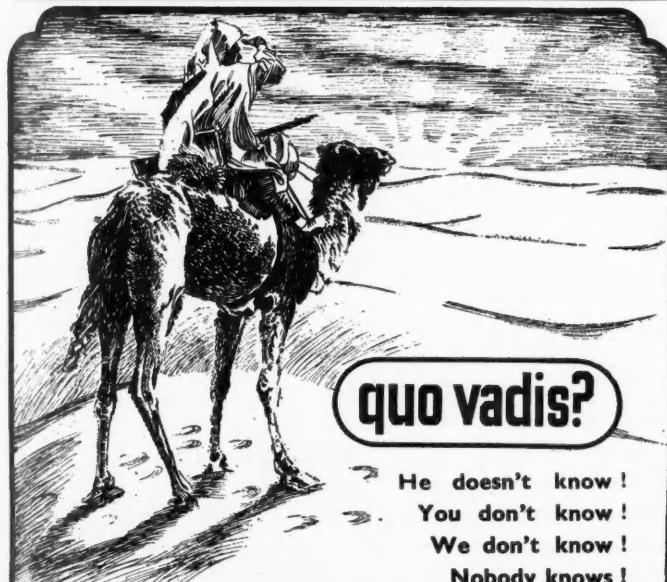
IT is good news that sheep have been given a full share of the rather meagre price increases allowed to agriculture. An increase of 1½d. a lb. on fat sheep and 2d. a lb. on wool does not spell a fortune for the flockmaster, but it does put the sheep on a better basis. There has been too much talk about getting rid of flocks, particularly hurdled flocks, because they were not paying. Some of those who talked loudest complained with the next breath about the incidence of E.P.T. Personally I would much rather keep together my flock, even if it were not so profitable as some other lines of production, than have the satisfaction of making an extra large cash profit at the end of the farming year and the pleasure of writing another cheque to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If one can bury some fertility in the soil, so much the better for the leaner times to come.

MR. TOM WILLIAMS, M.P., gave a good start to the new series of broadcast talks, *Five to One on the Land*, which every Monday and Wednesday at 12.55 will tell the public something of the achievements of farmers and farm workers in getting more food grown at home. Those who are doing the job come to the microphone to speak for themselves. If the whole country is to be covered in this series, there is plenty of scope for a variety of story as well as voice. Every farm can show some achievement. Now we are asked for a further 5 per cent. increase in food output. That would save 1,500,000 tons of shipping. Of course it can be done. There are many farms where the proper use of nitrogenous fertilisers this spring would give an overall increase in food output from grass as well as arable of 10 or even 15 per cent. Mr. Hudson's 5 per cent. is a modest target.

* * *

IAM indebted to someone unknown for a booklet describing the reclamation that has just been completed on Bargoed Farm, in Cardiganshire. This farm of 103 acres was bequeathed to the University College of Wales and, like many other small farms, it had been neglected for many years. The College decided to tackle the whole farm in four years, clearing bushes, applying lime, ploughing up worthless pastures to re-seed with something better, and bringing the farmhouse and buildings into a good state for occupation, for "it is believed that running water, modern amenities and reasonable human facilities are as essential to the reconstruction of the countryside as any farming devices, ancient or modern." It is an interesting story. Now the stage is set at Bargoed Farm for high production.

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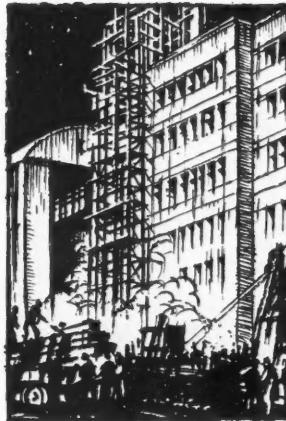
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NEW BOOKS

MR. WELLS AND A FAMOUS PARTY

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

SIR GEORGE LEVESON-GOWER has already, in his book called *Years of Content* told the story of his childhood, 'teens and 'twenties. In *Years of Endeavour* (Murray, 15s.), he goes forward and deals with the period between 1886 and 1907. Thus there is still much material untapped, and it is to be hoped that Sir George will go on and make a trilogy of it, bringing his story up to these contemporary times.

It isn't everybody who has had the privilege of hearing Mr. Gladstone sing negro spirituals or of assisting at that celebrated dinner described by H. G. Wells in *The New Machiavelli*. For myself, I did not know that Wells's fictionalised episode was founded on fact, but in this book we are assured that it is.

The host was Harry Cust, and besides Mr. Wells and George Leveson-Gower, there were present Arthur Balfour, F. E. Smith, Winston Churchill and others. The dinner was hardly started when a servant announced that the house was on fire. The host replied: "Bring in the next course, and ring up the fire brigade."

"When the brigade arrived, they not unnaturally suggested that we should depart. 'Not a bit of it,' said Harry. 'What! Send my guests away before dinner is over! I never heard of such a thing! You get on with your job and we'll get on with ours.'"

GUESTS IN BATH TOWELS

It was not long before gouts of dirty water began dropping through the ceiling upon the guests. Cust shouted: "This is getting intolerable!" and ringing the bell he ordered: "Footbaths and bath towels." So the dinner proceeded with the water falling into the foot-baths and the company swathed in towels.

At this same dinner, says Sir George, a thing happened which he is convinced could have happened in no other country. Balfour was then Prime Minister, and he confessed complete ignorance of the provisions of the Education Bill and asked F. E. Smith to "coach" him. "Smith readily and quite openly complied."

Nowhere else, Sir George thinks, would a Prime Minister "venture to admit, even in a private gathering, complete ignorance of a government measure in the presence of political opponents. . . . Complete reticence prevailed, and this, so far as I am aware, is the first occasion, when lapse of time has justified disclosure, that the incident has been brought to light."

In this book we see Sir George, who had been Assistant Private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone, in his capacity as a Whip, and as Comptroller of the Household. He gives us the history of the time, enlivened with much personal contact and many anecdotes. And how much light an anecdote, like that one of Balfour and Smith, can throw on the "inwardness" of politics!

Being an I.P. was no business for a poor man in the days here recaptured. Sir George fought N.W. Staffordshire twice within seven months; each election cost about £1,450. A by-election, lasting a week, cost about £500, each of three contested elections for Stoke about £900,

and two uncontested returns about £30 each. His general expenditure for political purposes was £10 a week. For three and a half years he enjoyed an official salary, but he was able to assure a heckler that throughout 13 years of political life he had spent £3 for every £2 received.

He confesses that it was "a secret spring of humour" which carried him through the court ceremonies he had to attend as Comptroller of the Household, and that when governments were being formed the jealousies and scramblings were "perfectly sickening. It is more like hogs fighting over a trough than anything else, and poor humanity shows up very badly."

I must confess to some amusement at Sir George's idea (but this was in 1892) of what it meant to be ruined. "I don't believe," he wrote to a friend, "that I should mind what is called being 'ruined' a bit as long as I clothe myself decently, have a clean room with light and fire and enough for one's daily food, books as many as I wanted, friends, health of body and to travel where I would, quite cheaply; also to hear good music sometimes." On these terms, "Well come ruin!" say I.

I think Sir George's tongue must have been in his cheek, for his book shows him to be a wise, humane person with a proper understanding of what is a man's place among the fluff and superficialities of living.

DICTATORS MUST FAIL

Mr. J. C. Powys's book, *Mortal Strife* (Cape, 10s. 6d.), has an interesting theme which is at times expressed in a rather wild and whirling fashion. The theme is that "the mysterious Power behind evolution" was driving towards "more humility, more kindness, more humour, more enjoyment, more independence," and that "the Dictators took advantage of all decent people's hatred of war and began dynamiting the sea-banks and

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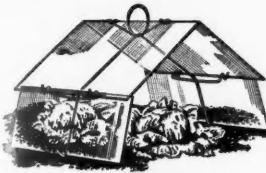
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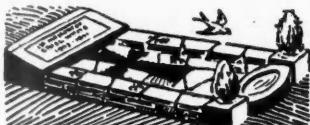
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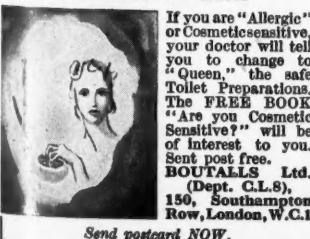


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bombing the breakwaters of evolution itself."

Further, this theory goes on to say, this assault cannot in the long run be successful, because it is contrary to the innate constitution of what Mr. Powys calls, using William James's word, the multiverse.

"The hinge upon which all life turns," Mr. Powys thinks, is "the independence of the individual soul." That independence involves the right of every being to its quirk or twist of individuality, humour and separateness from everyone else. Insofar as the Dictators aim at substituting slavery for independence and sameness for separateness, they are striking at the root of life; and this, he thinks, is an enterprise which in the nature of the case cannot succeed.

Mr. Powys is all on the side of "the simplest of us," whom he would like to see "unperverted by these sophisticated intellects," but, despite his claim to be a simple sort of person himself, he is not free from sophistication. So much so, that "the simplest of us" may be daunted and confused by his airy flings and reels; but those who are not so simple, who share something of Mr. Powys's sophistication, will find him well worth reading. Most of us, I think, will agree with his conclusions, if with reservations here and there, and also with a feeling that they could have been expressed more briefly and concisely, which is to say more tellingly.

Mr. Hugh I'Anson Fausset's *Walt Whitman* (Cape, 12s. 6d.) has for subtitle *Poet of Democracy* and that shows that the book, which is well done, is also well timed, for these are the days when the "democratic man" whose advent Whitman so boisterously hailed, stands on trial.

It is particularly in relation to this fact that Mr. Fausset examines Whitman and his work; and I trust I do him no injustice in trying to compress his wide and scholarly conclusions into a sentence for which I, not he, must take the responsibility: namely, that while Whitman had a great love of mankind, and an ardent wish that it should progress along the paths of brotherly cooperation, his verse shows small comprehension of the need for spiritual regeneration, or the means of spiritual regeneration, which alone can make that progress possible.

WHITMAN'S VALUE

The study of the life and the study of the writing are here deftly interwoven in a book whose conclusions seem to me fair and square. The whole of Whitman's life was passed near the poverty-line; and, though he had his circle of devotees, some of whom grotesquely overestimated his importance, he was not, during his lifetime, generally accepted as a writer of distinction. But belief in himself never wavered; though the American Civil War and its consequences, and the growing revelation of what an industrial civilisation could do to the individual life, may have shaken in some degree his faith in democracy as it was exemplified in "these States" whose might and beauty he never tired of singing.

It is fascinating, if profitless, to speculate what Whitman's reaction would have been to the cut-throat society into which his "democracy" developed, had he lived 50 years later.

The two sides of him were his everlasting I—"I say," "I tell you"—which rings through his poems, and his sense of the "masses" as something intrinsically right, almost holy. How the individual and the mass were

to adjust their respective claims—though this is the essential problem to be solved before "democracy" can work—was something he never searched to its roots. As a sensual poet, a delineator of colour, movement, the vast turmoil and variety of human living, he seems to me to be of the front rank; but the modern expression "wifful thinking" applies to too much of his speculation.

What he was in relation to the times he lived in, and what his thinking was in relation to changeless themes, Mr. Fausset's book excellently examines.

BIRD PICTURES

Mr. Seton Gordon's book, *In Search of Northern Birds* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15s.) is made up of a series of short papers illustrated with the fine photographs which are such a joy in this author's books. He has a chapter on the taking of these pictures and those of us who accept such gifts with too ready a carelessness will perhaps be surprised at the time, thought, difficulty, discomfort and even danger which make them possible.

Iceland, Lambay off the Irish coast, Mr. Lockley's island of Skokholm, and many other places have known this enquiring naturalist, as well as his more familiar hunting-ground of the islands and Highlands of Scotland. He writes not only of birds but of the outdoor scene, the flowers and landscapes he loves, and the ways of wild cats and Pine martens. We learn with regret that "while it is true that wild birds are themselves better protected than formerly, it is also unfortunately true that the collecting of the eggs of rare birds is now more widely practised than ever before."

This is altogether a book to be commended to those who love, if only vicariously, to find in quiet places an anodyne for the fever of contemporary life.

The same is true of Mr. E. L. Grant Watson's *Nature Abounding* (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.), an excellent anthology, compounded from many sources, arranged under the four headings—Earth, Air, Water and Fire. From such old investigators as Herodotus up to many now living, Mr. Grant Watson trails a wide net and has succeeded in landing a boatload of treasurable specimens.

A BOOK IN A THOUSAND

I had to choose carefully in order to get the most interest for their money, it is probable that *Whitaker's Almanack* would, among secular books, be a very general choice. The complete edition for 1942 has some 1,024 pages, very clearly printed with information plainly stated without either bias or verbosity, and cloth bound, costs ten shillings. Enemy action has made the 1942 edition late in appearing but has given the opportunity to modernise the type, which is now more readable than ever. This is a book in a thousand, as up to date in every particular as considerations of national safety allow, and as sound and as wide in its sweep as usual—a remarkable achievement.

THE BIRDS OF INDIA

A NEW and revised third edition of Mr. Hugh Whistler's *Popular Handbook of Indian Birds* (Gurney and Jackson, 18s. 6d.) makes its appearance in war-time and the publishers are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the paper, type and reproduction of the illustrations. The beautiful coloured plates, in particular the cock Fairy bluebird with his lovely ultramarine back, are a delight to the eye.

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Featherweight Suitings

The jacket and dress combination in men's suitings is one of the big features of the spring collections. The suit above from Digby Morton is in wood browns, with the material used on the cross for the pleats. The jacket has white pique revers, and the dress is touched with white pique at the throat. The coat is in tones of browns and oatmeal with the selvedge used to pipe the front and the seam that runs along the top of the sleeve. At the back it pouches over a belt. Digby Morton.

THE coupon system has had an excellent effect on style. A simple cut is absolutely necessary when clothes have to last a long time, and materials must be used economically. Collections are small in consequence, for coupons only allow for essentials, and each suit and dress has been evolved so that it fills the basic requirements of a woman's wardrobe. The line everywhere is clear cut, whether in the splendid Utility models or in Grosvenor Street. This is bound to make women *en masse* look smart. In the old days of plenty, it was always the woman who chose the simple, wearable models and thought out her colours carefully who was the well-dressed woman. Now, when all fussy detail is taboo and we cannot afford, anyway, to indulge in those awful mistakes to which we were all liable, we may become a well-dressed nation. Nothing could be more elegant than the tailored dresses and jackets, charming prints and the generally clear-cut line of the silhouette of this spring.

The tailored suit is the biggest and best value for coupons, and suits and blouses are outstanding everywhere. Jackets are cut with the broad shoulders and folds running downward from the armholes that characterise a man's suit. There are many of them in men's materials, in chalk stripes, Glen checks, all the classic men's materials, made in a new light weight and soft to handle. They are worn with shirts with pleated fronts like a man's dress shirt, with crew-neck white rayon pique shirts, or with the most frilly and feminine jabots and frills. Blouses and shirts are divorced. Shirts are tailored, blouses intensely feminine. Jacket and dress combinations, in spite of the large number of coupons they take, are shown everywhere and bought everywhere for their lasting qualities.



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A shirt from Harrods in white rayon showing the new neckline with the base of the throat exposed. The front of the shirt is stitched; so are the collar and revers.

Joyce's gillie shoe called "Trossach," tan calf with a crêpe wedge. This can be obtained from Russell and Bromley.



Photographs by Denes

and the many occasions they fit. They are good in these men's suitings in feather weights, also in black or navy.

Hats divide roughly into two categories to match up with these suits and their accessories. There are the plain sailors, straight brimmed, smartest with tiny oval crowns, for the suits and tailored shirts, and the hats that are accompanied by eccentric snoods, or tied on with veiling, or stream with ribbons, or are just merely wisps of folded or ruched tulle—made to go with the frilly blouses. For later on there are a great many white hats—sailors in coarse white straw, bretons and berets in white rayon piqué or in stitched white cotton. They are charming with the mushroom-brown, pin-striped grey, clerical grey, black and navy, that make the bulk of the suits. Then there are snoods of print worn with printed dresses and plain coats. These snoods tie on top of the head and hang in folds on to the shoulder blades. They need to be very bright if in print, or soot black.

Molyneux is stressing all the corn yellows, lime and lemon yellows, a honey beige, grey, indeed, all the neutral tones. He also shows a good deal of navy blue. One of the new materials that he is featuring is a rayon tweed, cool-looking, lovely to wear—a material that does not show any marks or crush, and is therefore extremely practical. He makes a chemise dress under a tailored jacket from it in tones of beige and black touched with lemon. The selvedge of the material is yellow and white and is used as a narrow inlet belt, and a streak right down the centre front of the frock from the square neck to the hem. A tweed suit shows the same pencil silhouette, is in beige and grey with the selvedge again used to pipe the hem of the short, tight, slit skirt. Hartnell uses rayon linen tweed also, a navy tone-on-tone herring-bone, for a suit with a sun-ray pleated skirt and jacket faced with puce and green plaid.

DRINTS for summer frocks are animated. Madame Mosca, showing at Jacqmar, uses a print with a dark ground on which sailors in bright colours dance a hornpipe. The border makes a bright edging to the frilled revers of the dress. Rahvis show a grass green crêpe printed with scarlet polo

players. Worth show dog and animal prints. The elegant lily of the valley print of Madame Mosca is etched in white and black on a slate blue ground, makes a dress with a moulded bodice and a fluid movement to the skirt given by godets. Prints are almost inevitably high at the neck with gauged, ruched bodices and often tiny frills at the neckline. Plain crêpes are smartest with pleated tops, as the corn-coloured one that Madame Mosca shows, which has a round neck scooped out to show the base of the throat.

Each house shows two or three dinner dresses; simple, sheath dresses, embroidered at the neck and on the short sleeves with a piping of colour or embroidery running from the armhole to the hem. Sometimes the embroidery takes the form of a circular, transparent yoke that runs just over the top of the sleeve. This is far and away the smartest in a dull black material with the transparent yoke embroidered in jet. Debenham and Freebody show a matt black dress, with the jet cascading over the shoulders in loops that look like a shining fringe. The sleeves of this dress are short, the sheath skirt tight, whether short or long, the bodice moulded. Among the coloured formal dresses I like especially Madame Mosca's. This has a violet crêpe pencil skirt, a long-sleeved chiffon jumper top, accordion-pleated from the waist with a low "V" neck and a cross-over bodice. The under frill is deep blue, the bodice made in a cyclamen shade of violet. The combination of chiffon and accordion-pleating and the three pansy shades is lovely.

P. JOYCE REYNOLD.

A Suit and its accessories

Double-breasted jacket and dress in men's suiting with the material used on the cross as diamonds each side of the centre pleats. The colour is green over-checked with red, and there is a matching hat like a Welshwoman's, with loops of the material covering the ears. Rahvis.





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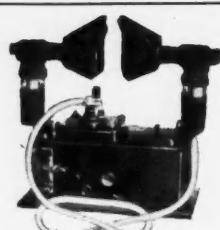
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SOLUTION to No. 633.

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of March 13, will be announced next week.



The winner of Crossword No. 632 is
Major Luard,
14, Wood Lane, Falmouth.

ACROSS

1. Fox and cock teamwork at the barber's? (three words, 5, 3, 4)
8. Unite? On the contrary (5)
9. But he will, of course, shine brown boots too (9)
11. Wide throws into air, apparently! (10)
12. Just 10 down (4)
14. Lupin, but no flower (6)
15. Increasing (two words, 6, 2)
17. "Iced Alps" (anagr.) (8)
19. Pictorially noted for his choir (6)
22. Sometimes sown wild (4)
23. One part of Acadia (two words, 4, 6)

CROSSWORD

No. 634

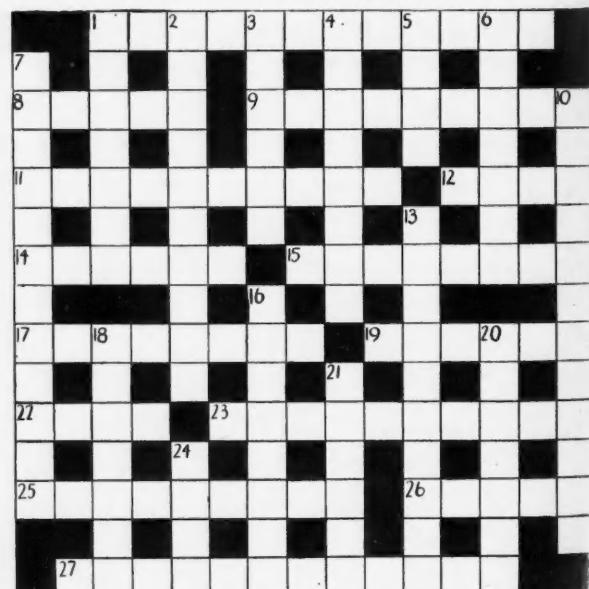
25. Thrown into confusion when casting an ember into the Lido (9)
26. Does he utter tu-whit-tu-whoo in a minor key? (5)
27. He addressed a lovely rose (two words, 6, 6)

DOWN

1. The sort of things that do come off sometimes! (7)
2. Without cessation (10)
3. Play by Flecker (6)
4. About twelve, though the sea won't necessarily come in then (8)
5. Little bear making for the East? (4)
6. Defines a definition (7)
7. Emotion felt by Mother Hubbard's dog (up to a point!) (two words, 8, 4)
10. An unceasential, though royal, Leo (three words, 4, 2, 6)
13. Lofty seat of education—(two words, 4, 6)
16. —where one is taught thus? (8)
18. A diarist's end of the day (three words, 2, 2, 3)
20. Ballantyne's Martin is no snake (7)
21. Town in Crete (6)
24. A mere lout turns to South American balsam (4)

A prize, to the value of two guineas, of books published by COUNTRY LIFE will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 634, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, March 26, 1942.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD NO. 634.



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